

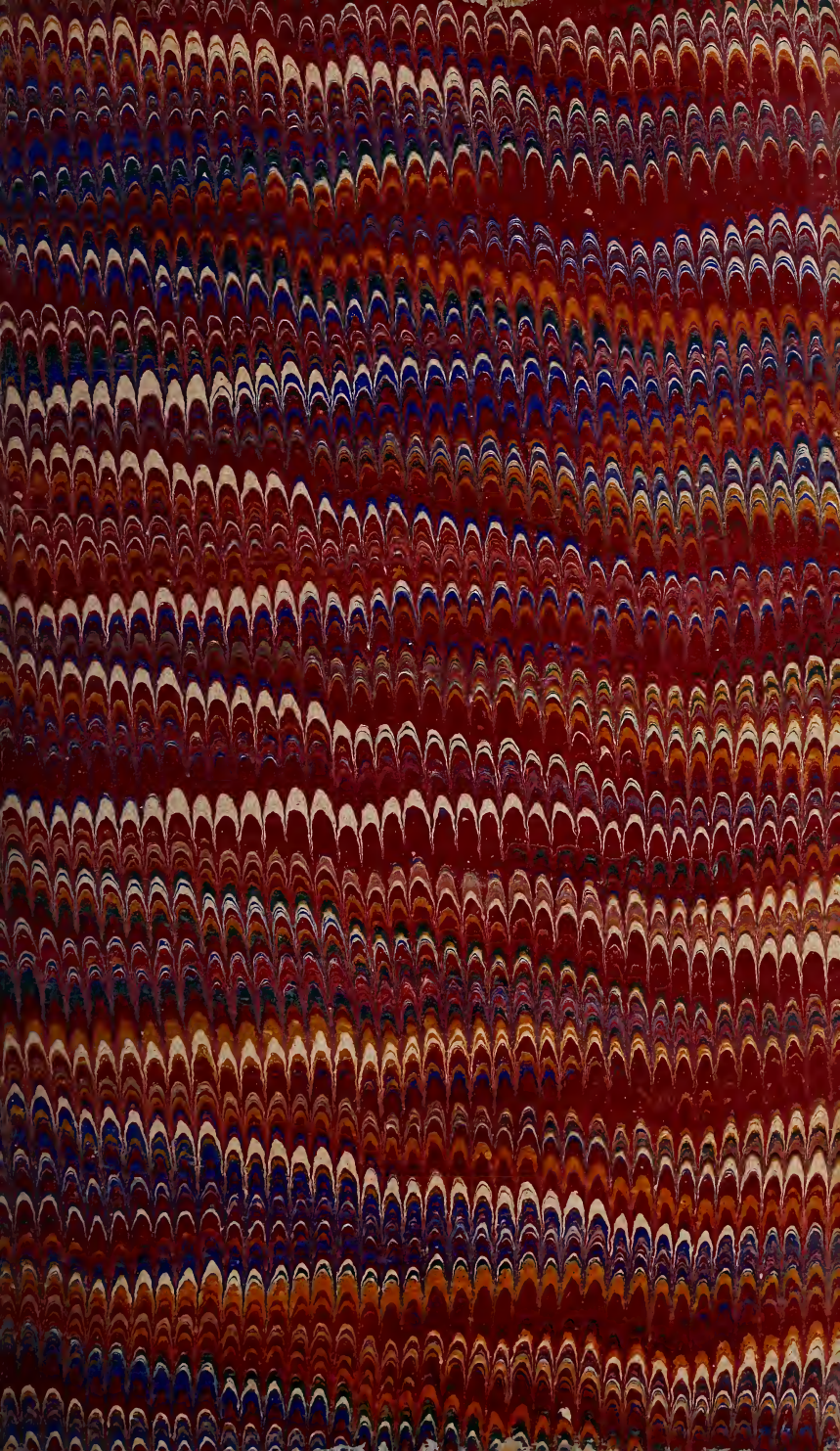


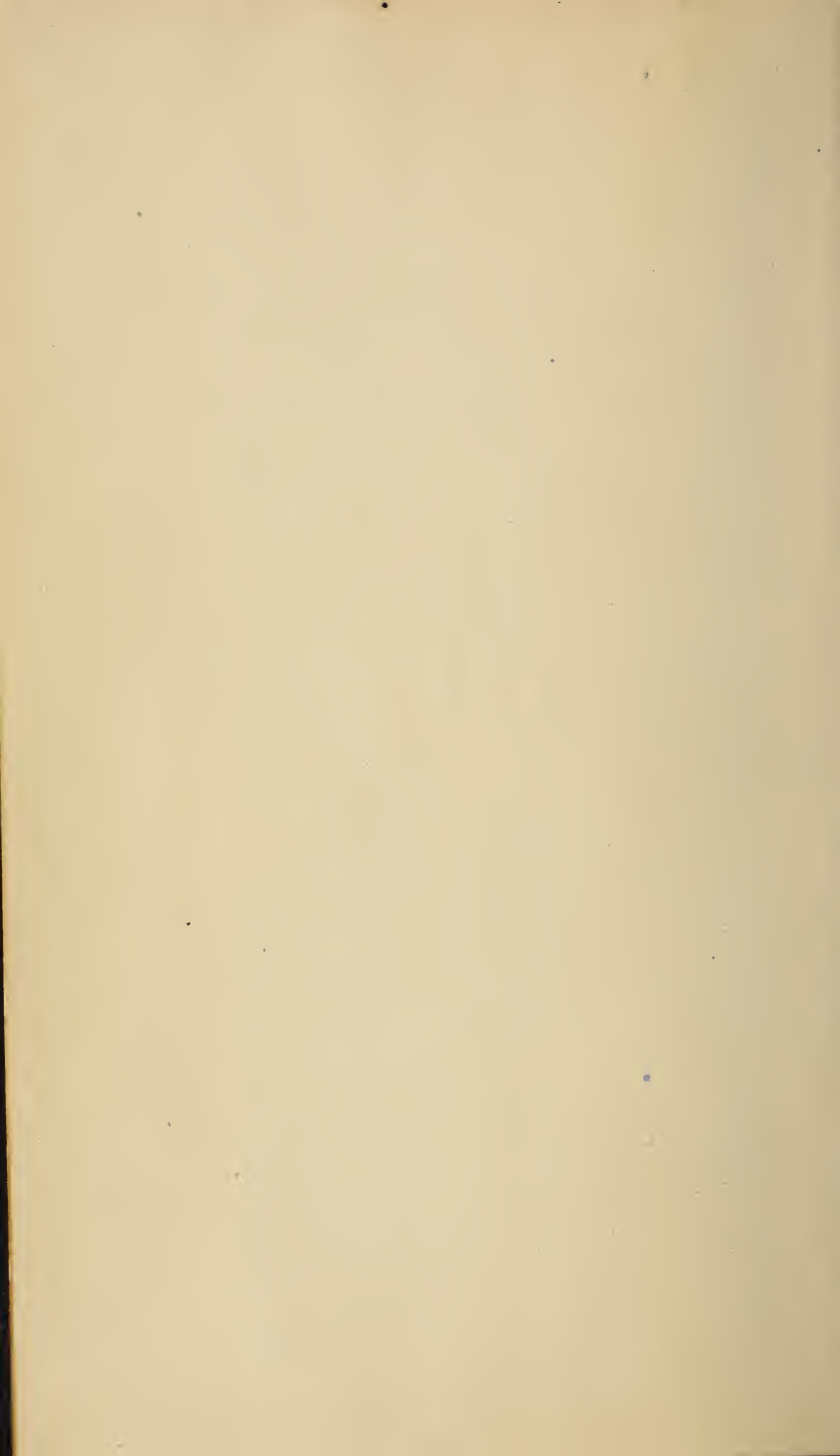
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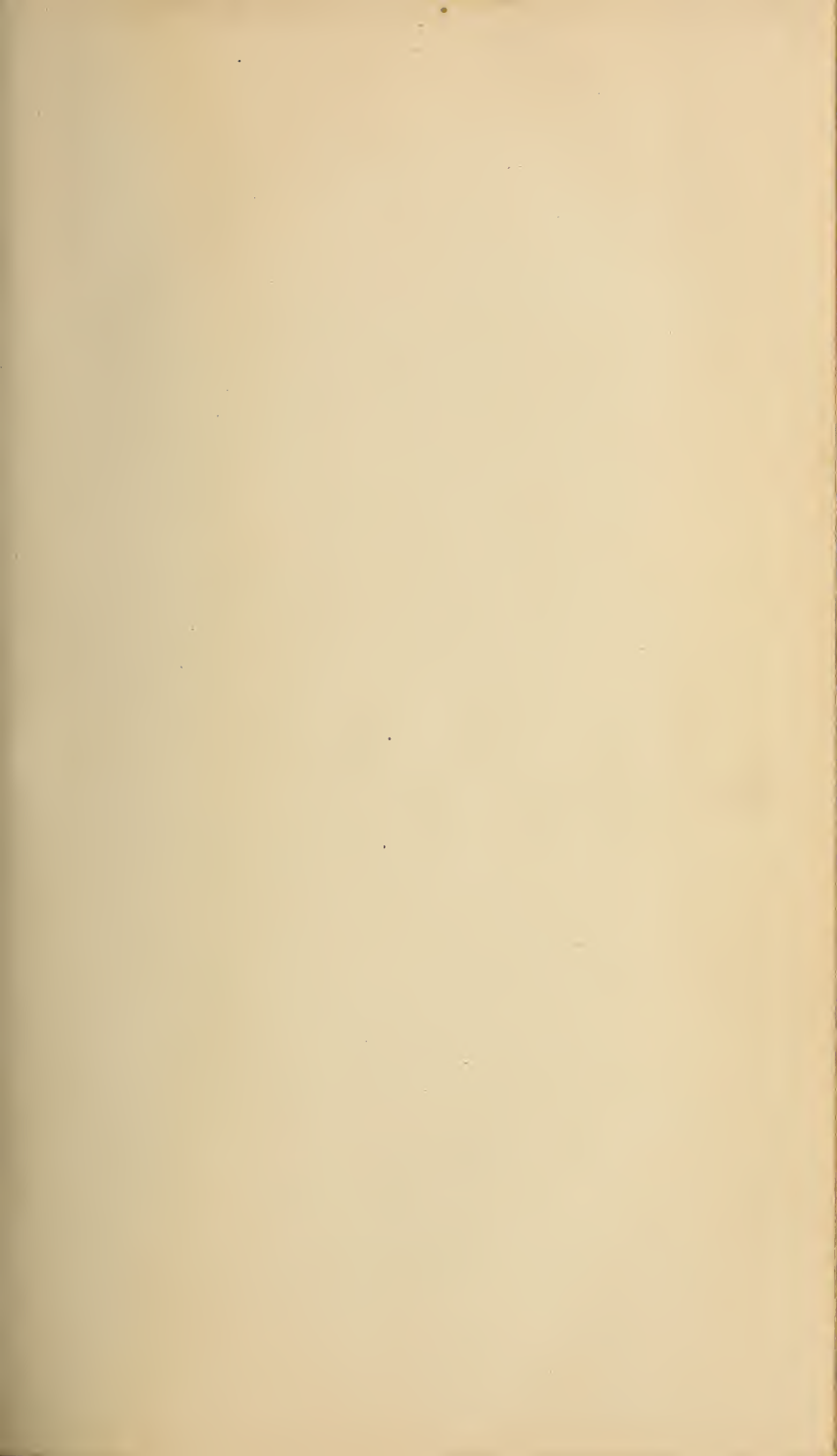
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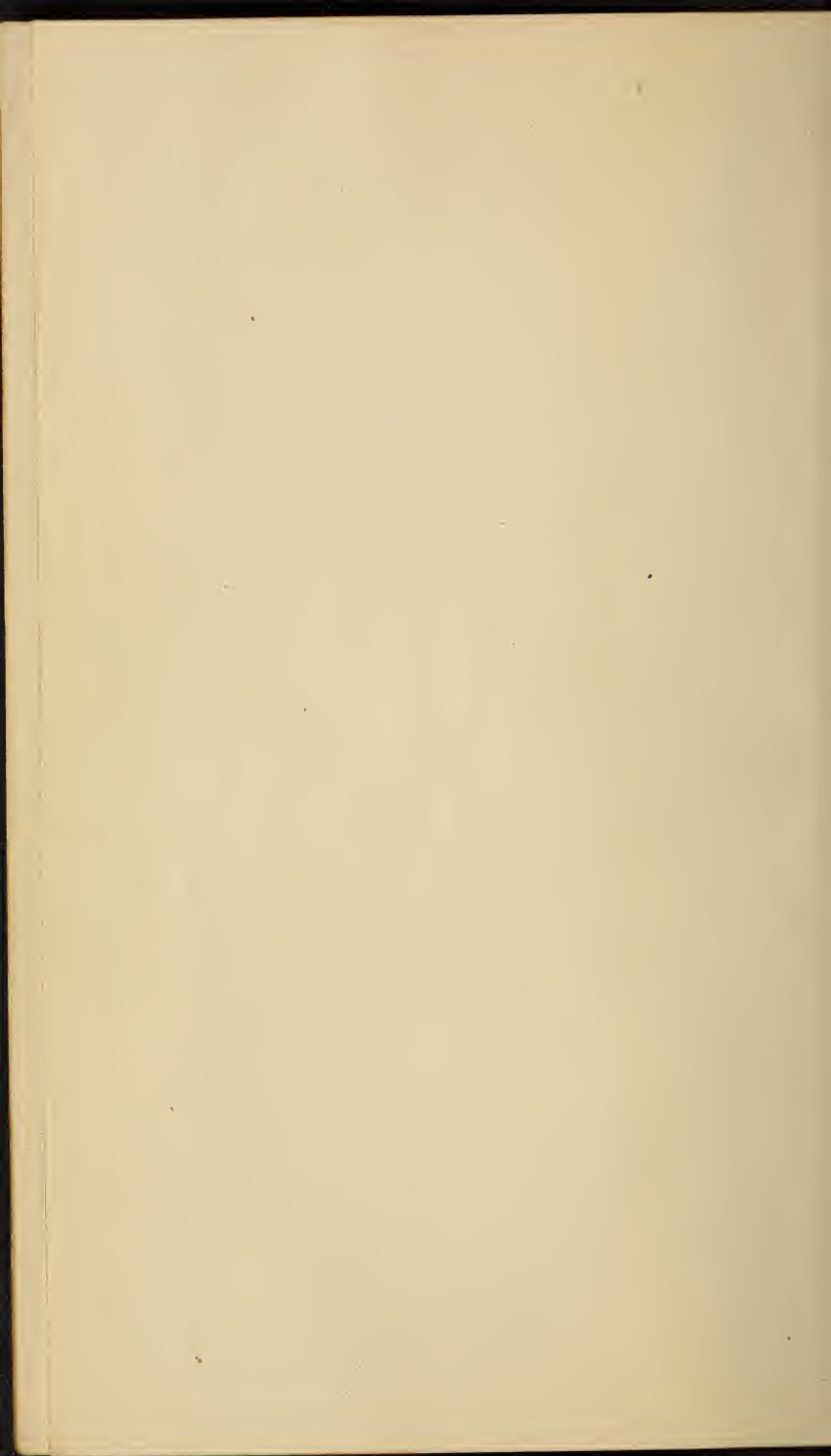
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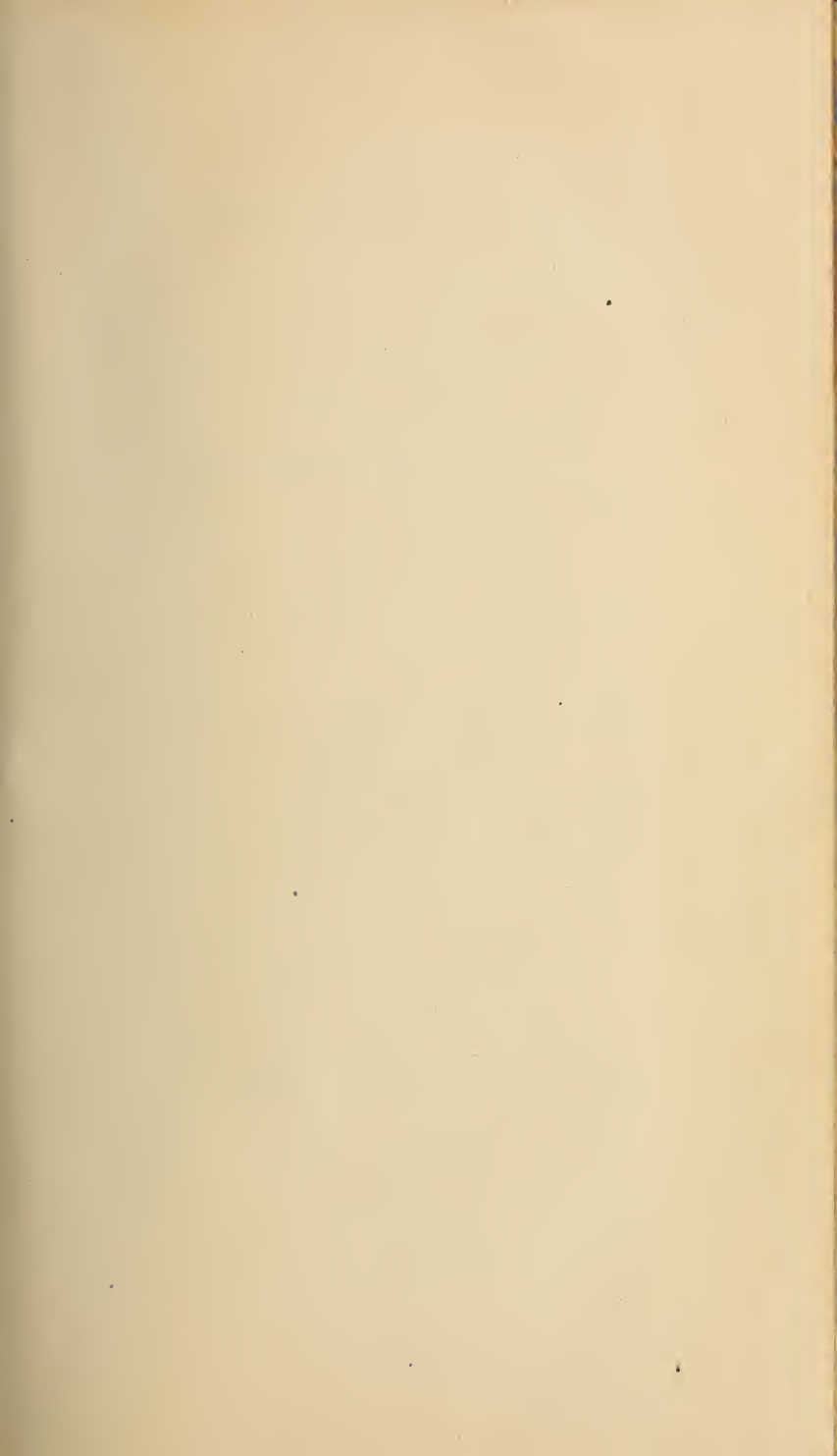
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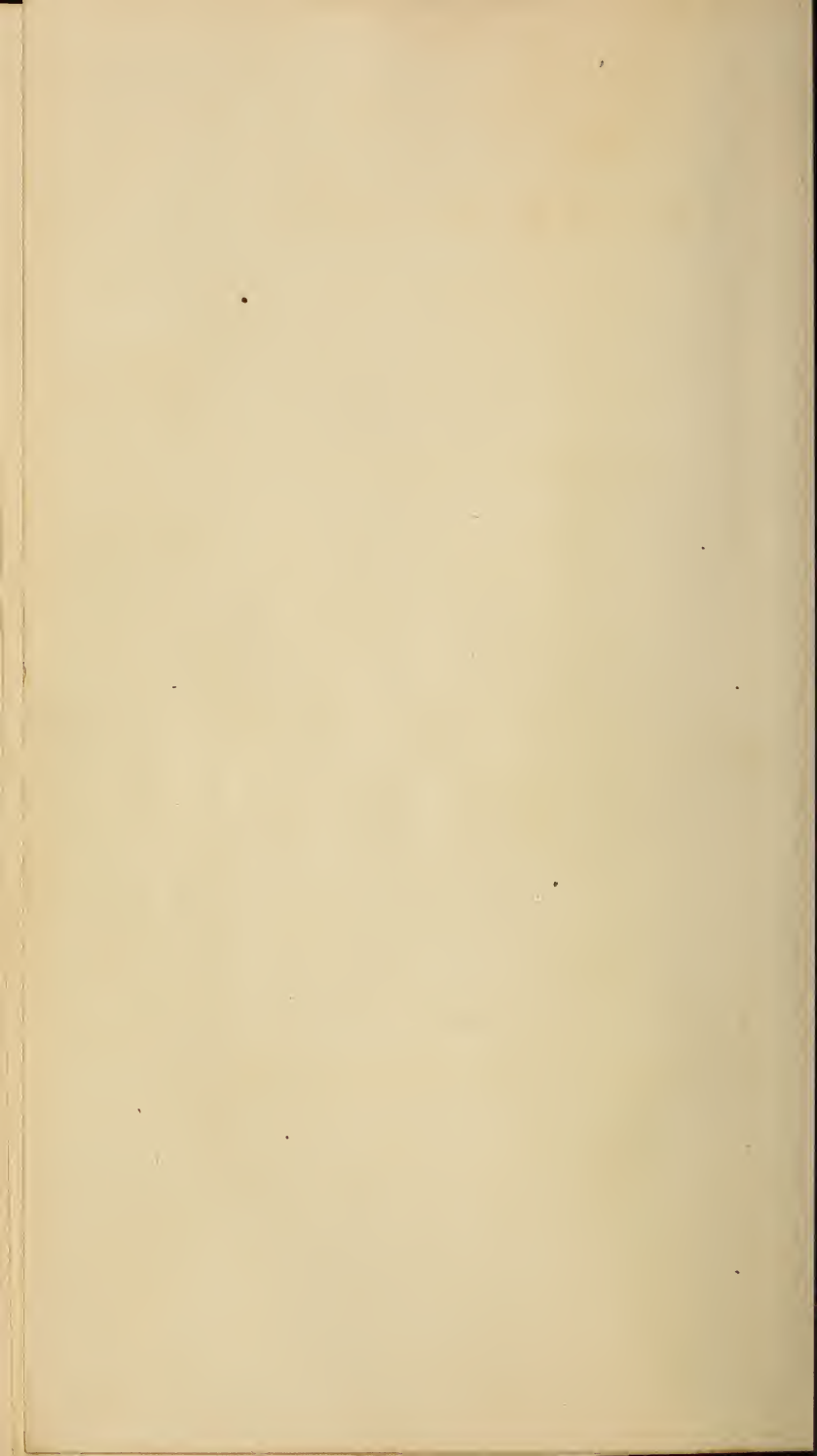












2.6.

# SACRED POETRY.

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✓  
BY GEORGE CALTHROP.

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"Praise the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me,  
praise his holy name."—*Psalm ciii.* 1 v.



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## PREFACE.

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I was a sinner—but of sin, in all  
Its soul-destroying and death-dealing power,  
Was, but as yet, unconscious, unconvinc'd.  
I was call'd Christian—but of all that forms  
That high and holy character, had not  
The slightest right or title to the name.  
In subtlest guise the artful tempter sat  
Close to mine ear—his form disguis'd, and shap'd  
To various semblances—now grave, now gay ;  
In manner and in look as suited best  
His purposes nefarious. He could well,  
At will, assume the smile, or scowl, or frown,  
Complacent gesture, or the bitter taunt ;  
The play of childhood, or the face demure ;

False pity's scourge, the gall of irony,  
So hard to bear unruff'd. There was that  
About the fiend so fitted to deceive,  
A minist'ring angel now of light he seem'd ;  
Now demon stern and terrible : his words  
Were, for the most part, smooth, and to the taste  
Sweeter than honey ; so that lies were breath'd  
From him, the very father of the brood  
Pestiferous, as if they semblance bore,  
Or had some strange affinity with truth ;  
So deeply were they hid in flowery speech,  
Accommodating verbiage, which made  
The worse appear the better reason far.  
Falsehood was dress'd up in a robe which nought  
But touch of spear, by trustful faith uprais'd,  
Snatch'd from God's holy armoury in haste,  
Couch'd by the Spirit, sharpen'd by the Word,  
Had power to penetrate, and shew reveal'd  
In naked hideousness, this treach'rous foe.  
At times, indeed, to hide some purpose deep,  
He utter'd bold and daring blasphemies,  
Impious profanities, loud ribald shouts,  
To urge the doubtful scotter, or to tempt  
The reckless infidel to leap the gulph  
From which return there is not—whilst, at times,  
He did but whisper to the inmost breast  
In breathings low, sounds scarce articulate,  
Of hidden subtleties, so false, so vile,  
Of strange misgivings and hard thoughts of God,

'That the vex'd soul, unhing'd, no quiet knew ;  
In thought chaotic flound'ring on and lost.  
Mask'd and unmark'd the feigning tempter work'd,  
In deep disguise his arts insidious plied,  
Laid covert snares, or tempting pit-falls dug ;  
Or to the wretch within his iron grasp,  
In grinning triumph show'd the cloven foot,  
And bade his bond-slave kiss that foot obscene ;  
In servile durance wallow, or in sin  
Do his foul bidding, and contend with God.

The strong man kept the house,  
To him deliver'd up in fatal hour  
By sinful disobedience. There he sat,  
The stern oppressor, cruel task-master,  
Ruling with heavy yoke, conceal'd indeed  
By shewy artifice that seem'd for good.  
His aspect now was threat'ning and severe,  
Or blandly luring with a fiendish smile ;  
Presenting now, in deep and curs'd design,  
The sweeten'd chalice or the poison'd cup,  
The garb of hypocrite, the tinsel robe,—  
Bidding the hand now clutch a phantom good ;  
Tempting the mind of intellect to soar  
Into the regions of forbidden space,  
Beyond its reach or atmosphere prescrib'd ;  
Or else misleading ignorance and sloth  
Through muddled bye-ways into fatal rest.  
The strong man kept the citadel of soul,  
Arm'd with ten thousand implements of dread,

His reign of terror to maintain and hold ;  
By Mammon, Molech, and the fallen hosts  
Abetted and upheld. All plied their tasks ;  
Without, within, they kept the Spirit chain'd ;  
Sooth'd it when restless, fann'd it when asleep,  
Threaten'd when urgent, and coerc'd when rous'd.  
Thus to all seeming was the house secur'd,  
By tortuous works and labyrinthine ways ;  
The senses all confus'd in mazy rounds  
Of unsubstantial shadows ; bright, but false.  
Reason was held enchain'd by potent charms,  
False views, distorted mediums, sayings dark,  
Subtle conclusions, drawn from sources vague,  
Having some show of power, but nothing real.  
The mind intelligent, by fatal spells  
Enthrall'd, was darkly sway'd. That fountain, once  
Sparkling and bright, polluted at its source,  
With mud and filth so loaded and defil'd,  
It flow'd at last, heavy as Lethe's stream,  
Into a sea dark as Tartarean night.

I was fast bound, and felt that I was bound,  
I could not wear my fetters gracefully,  
Or, maniac-like, play with my chains, and think  
They were but mere adornments—no, I felt  
I was for better purposes design'd,  
Than be the poor ignoble thing I was.  
To me, debas'd, polluted, vile, and low,  
Debarr'd from all sweet intercourse with heaven,  
From hope, from mercy, and from God debarr'd,

The galling manacles a burden seem'd,  
A goading load too heavy to be borne ;  
And as the iron eat into my soul,  
Ah ! woe is me—ah ! woe is me, I cried ;  
I am in misery—is there none to save ?—  
That cry was heard—Mercy rejoic'd to bring  
The feeble effort to the realms of grace.  
As I could bear them, rays of blessed light  
Fell on my prison-house ; and as I watch'd,  
In strange amazement and in glad surprise,  
In reverence watch'd the dawning of the day,  
In lowly sort I pray'd on bended knees,  
“ Good Lord deliver—Jesus set me free.”—  
Then did a stronger than the strong man arm'd  
Come to my rescue, and an entrance make  
Into the bulwarks and stronghold of sin,  
Expelling thence with mighty arm, the bands  
That dar'd dispute the sovereignty with him ;  
Spoiling the spoiler of his ill-got goods ;  
As the good Spirit's sword like lightning swept  
Through all impediments, and put to flight  
The alien host, attempting to retain  
The wretch in thraldom, who uprais'd his voice,  
And cried to heavenly Father in distress.  
And now illumin'd by a light divine,  
That light he loves, and would for ever leave  
The land of his captivity and trace  
The path that leads him to his long-lost home.  
The scales obscuring, from mine eyelids fell ;

As beams that brook'd not darkness, shot their rays,  
With piercing lustre, on what erst had been  
Impenetrable shade, or, at the best,  
Uncertain twilight. By their light I saw  
Myself denuded of the garb I wore,  
A naked sinner in the sight of God.  
Each gaudy trapping shrivell'd at the blaze ;  
The goodly seemings of the treach'rous heart,  
The good intentions and self-righteous thoughts,  
Like Daniel's comeliness, when plac'd before  
The essence pure of light ineffable,  
Became corruption. Whilst unnumber'd sins,  
Self-will'd rebellion, palpable offence,  
Or foulness, like to blood-polluting drugs,  
Lurking in secret chambers of the breast,  
Arose in such vast magnitude, and shew'd  
Their hideous forms in such amazing power,  
That, wild with terror and in sore distress,  
In dust and ashes I abhorr'd myself—  
Upon my face I fell, and scarcely dar'd  
To breathe the prayer—'O God be merciful.'  
The Spirit's sword had cleft my heart in twain,  
The dismal sight undid me utterly,  
And I had perish'd, but that truth advanc'd,  
The Spirit's handmaid, of celestial birth,  
Cloth'd in transparent garb of spotless white,  
In form how beauteous, bearing in her hand  
Mirror, reflecting and condensing beams  
Of such celestial purity and force,

Falsehood and error fled appal'd away,  
Unable to endure—and with them fled  
Their bands accurs'd of subterfuge and fraud ;  
False, specious colorings, sophistry, deceit,  
All fitting haunts and refuges of lies.  
They shrunk, they fled—they might not war with  
truth ;  
They roll'd away as mist before the sun ;  
And as their legions vanish'd, I beheld,  
With joy unspeakable, with feelings lost  
In wonder, transport, and adoring praise,  
In that all-searching mirror bright, reveal'd  
In all its sweet simplicity, the truth,  
As found in Jesus, in the word of truth.—  
This shew'd me leper—but a leper cleans'd ;  
A sinner doom'd—but rebel sinner sav'd ;  
A righteous God, that could not pass by guilt—  
A spotless Sacrifice for guilt ordain'd :  
Unveil'd a hell, a fiery gulph of woe,  
But shew'd a pathway to escape that gulph ;  
A heav'n disclos'd, a rest eternal shew'd,  
And door of entrance to that blissful rest.  
These things—ah me !—for many years of shame  
As fables treated, or pass'd lightly by,  
Misconstru'd, or in ignorance or pride  
Mem'ry were banish'd, as unwelcome guests.  
On heart made soft by dews of grace divine,  
Broken by breaker of the rocky hearts,  
Visions, no more distemper'd and obscure,

Became deep-searching verities—for thought  
Realities, standing in bold relief ;  
Landmarks 'midst error's wild and trackless wastes,  
Fix'd on base immutable. Hence the change,  
The mighty change, the Spirit's work of grace ;  
The blessed change, the Saviour's work of love ;  
Strange resurrection from the death of sin,  
Strange second birth to everlasting life,  
Through righteousness in Christ—O blissful change !  
O soul-transforming change !—full of new hopes,  
New aspirations, new desires, new views ;  
With heavenly unction, holiest longings fraught ;  
Linkings renew'd afresh, communion sweet  
With Power Omnipotent—commencement new  
Of being and of blessedness supreme ;  
Union for good with Author of all good ;  
Connection for eternity with Him  
Who habiteth eternity !

O change ! in foolishness of heart despis'd,  
Scoff'd at, rejected by the man of sin ;  
Now found to be, through senses freshly wak'd  
Within the deep recesses of the soul,  
Wisdom and power of God. 'Twas then I felt,  
With joy untold and thankfulness, I was  
Indeed a new creation, for the things  
Once lov'd I loath'd, and strove with them as foes,  
Which kept me back and held me from my God ;  
Whilst such as once I spurn'd or lightly priz'd,  
Precious became, as pearls of untold worth.

Then first I knew myself—and, trembling found  
The former unctions laid unto my soul  
Were but imaginings—visions confus'd—  
Which fill'd the mind with unsubstantial forms,  
Having no starting point or place of rest.  
A picture strange I was unto myself,  
And as I gaz'd upon it, I perceiv'd  
I had no riches, till all wealth was gone ;  
No health, till health of body had decay'd ;  
No hope, till earthly hopes had all ta'en flight ;  
No joy, till earthly joys were all obscur'd ;  
No light, till mortal sight was clean put out.  
'Twas now the wond'rous riddle was explain'd—  
How, having little, I yet much possess'd ;  
How, poor, bereav'd, I yet had riches vast ;  
How light shone round me, when all light was gone ;  
And all things for me, which against me seem'd.  
A paradox—I was not understood  
By worldly men ; scarce by myself at times,  
When Satan would with some ensnaring art  
Have made me stagger at the change, and doubt  
Of all its blest realities.

Yes, God hath helped me, hath chang'd my heart ;  
Within myself the evidence I bear,  
And who shall darken it—or seek to bind  
The soul in fetters, which the Lord hath freed ?—  
I do proclaim, with joy proclaim, the change,  
Let the world style it by what name they please,  
Renewing, call, conversion, or new birth.

I am not what I was—transporting thought !  
I am not what I was—the Lord be prais'd !  
Call not this boasting—nothing of mine own  
Have I whereof to boast. I would but shew  
Two pictures of myself, if haply some  
May look thereon, and with advantage gain  
Under God's blessing, knowledge of themselves.  
When on the past I think with shudd'ring awe ;  
Bring 'fore the vision of the inward mind  
The fiery gulph, the verge on which I stood  
Of dire destruction, measurelese despair,—  
When I review my enmity to Him  
Author of good, long-suffering—review  
My love of this vain world, its pomps and lusts—  
When on the past I think—so long conceal'd  
From the world's view, by cov'rings made for shew ;  
And from self's eye, unwilling to behold  
Truth in its purity—when thoughts like these,  
Acting with force concentrate on a mind  
Newly awaken'd from a drear repose,  
Sway'd the rous'd soul with all resistless power—  
Then, then, it was, convicted and convinc'd,  
I first became acquainted with myself.  
First knew, in mightiness the Spirit stirr'd  
Within my bosom, like a man of war ;  
Felt the arousing energy, and cried,  
By love so vast, feelings so deep constrain'd,  
“ God hath been merciful—my God be prais'd.”

Shall I keep silence?—shall I not declare  
 What He hath done for me? shall I then hide  
 His goodness and his mercy, nor confess,  
 With joyful lips, his doings in my heart,  
 In fear of man's displeasure, or the laugh  
 Of thoughtless raillery, or taunting gibe?  
 Ah no! I needs must speak—my tongue would else  
 Cleave to my mouth; my pent-up spirit grieve;  
 The thoughts within me would my heart consume,  
 Wasting its vigour like a smould'ring fire.  
 When God deliverance to the Hebrews brought,  
 Their mouths were fill'd with laughter, and their  
     tongues

Burst into singing and tumultuous praise.—  
 Shall it be deem'd presumptuous then in me,  
 In me, a sinner, having hope, through grace,  
 Through grace alone, good hope, that never shames  
 The contrite breast it occupies, or fails  
 The trustful soul to anchor and secure—  
 In me, to tell, whilst lowly I deplore  
 My poor unprofitable services,  
 (Albeit with joyful lips and gladden'd heart)  
 The wondrous dealings of my Saviour-God;  
 Give all the glory, all the praise to Him,  
 Whose mighty arm from pit of mire and clay  
 Forth drew me, wretched, mourning, and defil'd;  
 Wash'd me and cleans'd, and set my trembling feet  
 On a broad place, and taught me how to walk  
 In paths, that, leading from the dread abyss,  
 Conduct to realms of purity and peace

*the unity of all things  
 Christ*

Hence, then, these songs—  
Feelings like these have tempted me to string  
My lyre, long tuneless, and in solemn sort,  
Not sad or gloomily I trust, to sing  
In strains, alas ! how feeble, to sustain  
Topics so lofty as the praise of God ;  
Hymnings of thankfulness, forthshewings sweet  
Of love surpassing, wondrous tales of grace.  
Themes so stupendous in their length and breadth,  
In height and depth so fathomless, so vast,  
Exceed the touches of angelic harps,  
Much more of instrument so weak as mine,  
That can but breathe in gentle murmurings,  
Or, at the best, at times, some chords that wake  
Short-liv'd but thrilling harmony, whose voice  
Speaks in melodious whisp'rings to the soul.

Then go ye forth, my songs,  
From meditation sprung, and secret source  
Of inward communings—your lines were penn'd  
By hand that once would not have finger stirr'd  
For such sweet services—now, change most blest,  
How willing for the task—lines which have flow'd  
From heart once dead to measures such as these,  
They came from mind that would in by-gone days  
Have deem'd them rhapsodies, and only fit  
For visionary dreamer, or the chaunt  
Of those, derisively by Mammon call'd  
Psalm-singing hypocrites. They came, sweet fruits,

From seed of penitence, water'd by tears,  
Nourish'd by dew and blessing from above.  
Go forth, my songs, solace of many an hour  
Of sleepless watchfulness, when pain or thought  
Refus'd soft slumber entrance, though she strove,  
With gentle care, to close my sightless eyes—  
Solace of days, night-days, wherein no ray  
Of sun, or moon, or stars, its visits paid,  
My sight to gladden with the beauteous view  
Of nature cloth'd in daylight, or of night  
Lustrous with gems—no sight of pleasant fields,  
Of gardens, woods, and waters, and still more  
None of familiar faces. Dear to me,—  
When but for hummings of the busy world,  
Which token gave of life, and light, and day,  
All as a long and dreary night had been—  
Has been the sweet employment, as I rang'd  
In fitting order, musings as they came  
From mind oft teeming with a load of thought;  
Ever to me thy pages poor have been  
Labour of love— how often have they charm'd  
My weary spirit, and beguil'd my cares  
With soothing contemplations—oft lit up,  
With radiance, ah ! how bright, my darken'd house ;  
Yet are ye but in garden of my Lord  
As wild flowers springing by the hedge-row side ;  
Though not unmark'd, may be, by Him whose eye  
Watcheth the lily in the lowly vale :  
Ye are, indeed, but specks, scarce visible

Amidst the galaxy of praise that waits  
On Him whom all things glorify and praise ;  
Yet not, I hope, wholly unblest by Him  
Who perfects praises from the suckling's mouth,  
And does accept it from each child, who lifts  
His lowly voice to magnify His name.  
If I have added but a single note  
To Sion's singers, the praise, my God, be thine ;  
Thine be the glory, Author of every good :  
No single thing have I whereof to boast,  
Save in the Lord my God—of him alone  
Is my sufficiency—from his rich stores,  
Exhaustless treasures of grace and love,  
Have flow'd, still flows, each blessing I enjoy.—  
What can I render thee for all that thou  
Hast done for me ?—nothing I have, my Lord ;  
Take, take my heart, and make it all thine own ;  
Possess it wholly, and let none dispute  
The sovereignty with thee—and thou, All-kind,  
Shepherd of Israel, who observ'd me lost,  
Wand'ring 'midst tangled wilds and dreary wastes  
Of the world's wilderness, look down on me ;  
Look upon him thou hast in mercy brought  
Back to thy fold, and in sweet pastures fed.  
O hide me, Saviour, underneath thy wings ;  
And thus present me 'fore the dazzling throne  
Of awful deity—and, O my Lord,  
Permit thy servant in his hand to bring  
These tributary off'rings, simple fruits,

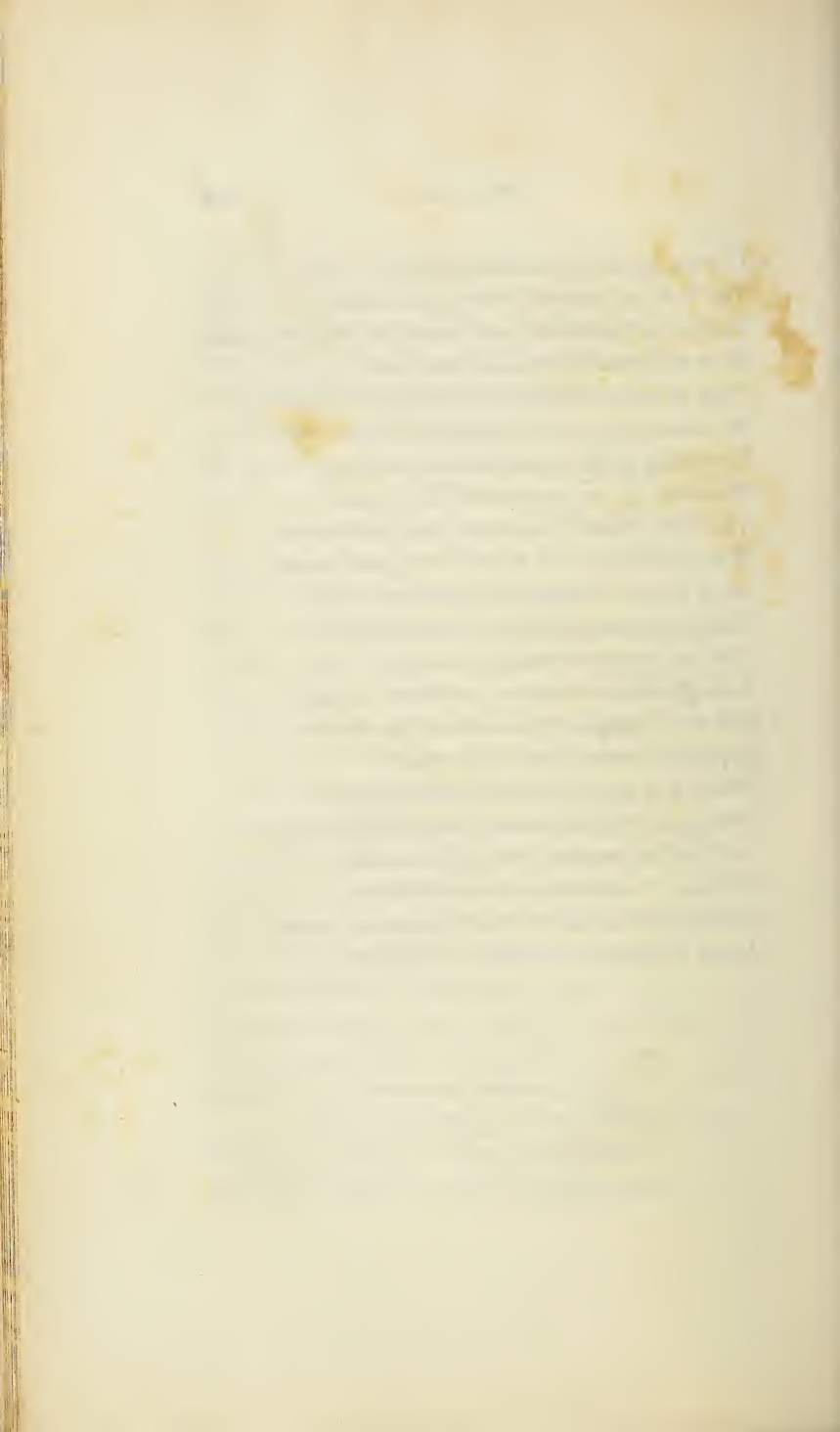
From tree, by mercy planted in a heart  
By grace alone made fertile—in themselves,  
O how unworthy of the least regard ;  
But not obtrusive judg'd, or worthless deem'd,  
Coming through thee before a Father-God,  
Who joys, with joy exceeding, to embrace  
His long-lost children as they trembling come,  
By thee presented, and by thee redeem'd,  
To seek the sacred covert of his arms.  
Ah no ! my Lord, I know thou wilt not chide  
Him who comes boldly to the throne of grace ;  
Nor, as presumptuous, sternly spurn from thee  
One who approaches reverently bow'd,  
Leaning for succour on a Saviour's love.  
Thy word has told me, and thy word is truth,  
I may approach, and shall not be denied  
Entrance to sanctuary, or be told,  
With with'ring voice, to quit the Father-land :  
What hope had else the sinner had, to be  
Enfranchis'd from the load that weighs him down ?  
What hope the cheerless bond-slave to be free ?  
What hand had been to help, what star to guide  
The lost and storm-toss'd traveller, when around  
His shrinking head the thick'ning tempest pour'd ?  
Surely I should have perish'd, should have sunk  
Under the conflicts which beset my soul,  
Had not the goodness of my God reveal'd  
A bow of mercy, as his Sun burst forth,  
And printed on the stormy thunder-cloud

Arch of out-stretch'd magnificence, which gave  
Sign of his presence by celestial hues.  
Who then shall rob me of the blessed hope,  
The precious hope that purified and cleans'd ?  
I shall see Him who bled and died for me  
In kingdom everlasting, and adore  
His sacred name, and worship in his courts,  
In all the perfectness of holiness.  
Who shall attempt to dim the radiant arch,  
Spanning the heavens as it rests on earth ;  
And of its lustre rob the sign of peace ?  
Hence, ye who call these things but phantoms vain,  
Ye who regard them as distemper'd dreams,  
Hence with your cavillings, ye whose icy breath  
Would freeze the genial current as it flows,  
And as fanatic deem the man who dares  
To entertain such visitants, and shrine  
The peerless jewels in his heart of hearts—  
Ye shall not rob me of my present peace,  
Ye shall not desolate the heart that God  
Hath not made sad—ye cannot banish thence  
The minist'ring Spirit answ'ring mine within,  
“ Son, be of cheer, thy sins are blotted out ;  
Thou yet shalt give thy bursting thanks to Him  
Who is thy Saviour, and has smil'd on thee,  
Joy of thy countenance, thy loving God.”

Under his blessing—of the which bereft,  
Nothing can strong, nothing can holy be—  
Go forth my book, in earthly blindness penn'd ;

If but your simple melodies awake  
The thrill of rapture in one desert breast ;  
Touch one dead heart, and teach that heart to praise ;  
If, as an honor'd instrument for good,  
'Thou bring'st one sinner to the throne of grace,  
Or comfort giv'st to one afflicted saint,  
Exceeding great indeed, and undeserv'd,  
Would be the recompence of all my toil.  
The critic's work I deprecate, save as it warns  
With gentle signs, or chides with gentle voice ;  
Much more I deprecate all praise, all words  
That might exalt self-love or flatter pride ;  
'Tis not to pamper these, or satisfy  
Vain-glorious cravings or the lust of fame,  
God is my Judge, I give thee to the world :  
If praise is owing, let it all be paid  
Where it is due, to Him the sole All-good,  
Who gave the utterance and inspir'd the song ;  
To Him the merciful, who light reveal'd,  
In floods of radiance, to a darken'd soul  
Dwelling in darken'd house, that else had been  
Abode of woe, and mansion of despair !

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## HYMNS, &c.

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### PARAPHRASE ON THE 137<sup>TH</sup> PSALM.

Down we sat, where the waters of Babylon roll'd,  
In deep anguish of soul, and fast stream'd the tear;  
As memory woke, and with grief uncontroll'd  
We thought on our Sion in utter despair.

In vain we essay'd our sweet songs as of yore,  
They died on our lips; and in silence we hung,  
On willows that grew by that sorrowful shore,  
Our harps, unattun'd, all neglected, unstrung.

As there chok'd with sighs we sat mourning forlorn,  
They who led us away from our country and kin  
Spoke in jeers as they pass'd and bade us, in scorn,  
Be glad, and a song of our Sion begin.—

“Alas ! our voice is gone ; our trembling hands  
Refuse to strike the praises of our King :  
How can we here, in strange and heather lands,  
The glorious songs of Sion’s children sing ?

“This hand, this voice, forget their dear employ,  
When I forget my native Root and Stem ;  
If I prefer, in hours of thoughtless joy,  
Any to thee, my own Jerusalem.

“Remember, Lord, the Edomites’ proud boast,  
When savage foes encompass’d her around ;  
Recall the shout of that ensanguin’d host,  
‘Down with her, down with her, even to the ground.’

“Strange visions pass’d before my wondering sight,  
In which thy fall, proud city, is reveal’d.  
How vast thy woe ! how terrible thy plight !  
Daughter of Babylon thy doom is seal’d !

“Happy the man in that dread hour, whose cry  
Rings in thine ear, and this our day recalls ;  
Aye, happy he, who swings thine infants high,  
To dash their heads against thy tumbling walls.”

---

## PARAPHRASE ON THE 126TH PSALM.

When Israel's King her fetters broke,  
 Like men distraught, we seem'd  
 From strange bewilderment awoke,  
 As if we yet but dream'd.

Then laughter fill'd our mouths—our tongues,  
 No longer mute with fear,  
 Pour'd forth a gushing tide of songs,  
 That rent the stricken air.

In wild surprise the heathen gaz'd,  
 And our high rapture caught :  
 Surely for them, they said, amaz'd,  
 Their God hath wonders wrought.

Yes, yes, for us our God hath rais'd  
 His mighty arm and voice ;  
 For this—his holy Name be prais'd—  
 Our gladden'd hearts rejoice.

Like as from south thou bring'st rich streams,  
 Fed by thy gracious hand,  
 Directed by thy guiding beams  
 To glad a weary land.

So lead thy mournful prisoners, Lord,  
From their captivity ;  
Until, according to thy word,  
Thy holy hill they see.

They who in contrite bosoms sow  
In hope, and seek thy face,  
Shall, doubtless, reap an overflow  
Of pard'ning love and grace.

He who goes sorrowing forth, and bears,  
Beneath thy chastening rod,  
The seed of penitential tears,  
And humbly walks with God

Shall, surely, gain his home in peace,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
And bring full sheaves of blest increase  
From heav'nly treasury.

---

## CHRIST, THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Christ is the Shepherd of his sheep,  
 With guardian care the flock he feeds ;  
 They hear his voice, and up they leap,  
 And follow wheresoe'er he leads.

They know him well, to him are known,  
 No other call than his they hear ;  
 All stranger shepherds they disown,  
 And fly from them in doubt and fear.

Most gladly they his footsteps tread,  
 Walk where he points the devious way,  
 And by constraining love are led,  
 His gracious mandates to obey.

And when by sore temptation press'd,  
 From forth the fold they heedless roam,  
 They have no peace, they know no rest,  
 Until he finds and brings them home.

Attack'd by savage wolves and torn  
 His sheep the base-born hireling sees ;  
 Leaves them all scatter'd and forlorn,  
 And like a faithless coward flees.

But nothing shall Christ's lov'd ones move,  
For He, their rock and sure defence,  
Will compass them with arms of love,  
And none hath pow'r to pluck them thence.

He leaves them not, they cannot want,  
Though dismal clouds obscure the skies,  
Though on the sun-parch'd waste they pant,  
Or steep defiles before them rise.

His hand and voice are ever nigh  
In seasons of severe distress ;  
His ears are open to their cry,  
His eyes behold their helplessness.

He cannot hear, unmov'd, their plaint,  
As floods descend and tempests roar,  
When their poor hearts with dread are faint,  
And limbs are weak, and feet are sore.

So when they most his succour need,  
'Tis then the most his love accords,  
And ever, as they piteous plead,  
He comforts them with loving words.

The great with young are gently led,  
Consol'd are all who lowly mourn,  
The younglier lambs with milk are fed,  
The new-born in his bosom borne.

He leadeth them to cooling shade,  
Where water in abundance flows ;  
And there, 'midst verdure softly laid,  
He leaves them to serene repose.

Their peace in vain fierce wolves assail,  
The prey-birds scatter at his word ;  
E'en roaring lions trembling quail  
Before the glittering of his sword.

Then fear not, little flock—behold !  
The Shepherd-King of Jesse's stem,  
Who feeds the sheep, who guards the fold,  
And gladly gives his life for them.

For them to gain, in regions fair,  
Glad pastures of untold delight ;  
And they shall feed immortal there,  
For ever happy in his sight.

---

## HYMN.

O Lord our God, of all the earth  
 Eternal King and Deity ;  
 Here, in thy courts, with pious mirth,  
 We lift our joyful hearts to thee.

The heavens, created by thy hand,  
 All living things—earth, sea, and air,  
 Thy monuments of glory stand,  
 And all thy mighty power declare.

Unnumber'd orbs that roll through space  
 Attest surprising mightiness ;  
 Whilst atoms, that no thought can trace,  
 Speak secrets strange and fathomless.

All these by thee preserv'd, sustain'd,  
 In praises loud incessant cry ;  
 And run, by thy right arm constrain'd,  
 Their course in perfect harmony.

Now, worms of earth, we have no strength,  
 Nor can we know by mortal sense,  
 The length, the breadth, the depth, the height,  
 Of thy Divine Omnipotence.

Yet precious blood for us was shed,  
For us by death and sin accurs'd ;  
Jesus on Calvary bow'd his head,  
And all our hell-forg'd fetters burst.

For this our bounding hearts rejoice,  
For this triumphantly we sing,  
With loud acclaim and pealing voice,  
"Glory, O glory to our King !"

---

THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART,  
THERE IS NO GOD.

No God ! the very stones the scoff deny,  
'Tis false, the poorest atom makes reply,  
The meanest reptile, as along it crawls,  
The ribald infidel blasphemer calls.

No God ! the startled earth shrinks back in fear,  
The mighty waters curl their waves to hear ;  
Surprise each river, wood, and valley fills,  
And terror shakes the everlasting hills.

No God! make answer, glorious orb of day,  
Glittering in splendour on thy lustrous way;  
Answer, ye stars and moon that gem the night,  
In radiance beautiful, as diamonds bright.

No God! thou host of countless worlds above,  
Which in their destin'd spheres for ever move,  
Tell who your Maker was from age to age,  
And blast the impious babbler in your rage.

---

### HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Upon my ear a warning sound has rung,  
It told a year has pass'd! a year begun,  
Of time, O God, tick after tick, by thee,  
Merg'd in thine own divine eternity.

Yes, tick by tick, there is no pause, no rest,  
None here can hasten, alter, or arrest;  
It is a solemn thought—all thoughts beyond—  
Oh! may my bosom to its voice respond.

Grant that, O Lord, with diligence and care,  
I may for that tremendous hour prepare,  
When the last feeble pulse of life is o'er,  
And heaven or hell appears—and time no more.

Before thy throne, O Lord, with shame I fall,  
As I the sum of mispent hours recall,  
A swarming host of dread array and fear,  
A burden far too great for me to bear.

In Jesu's name I sue, for his dear sake  
This heavy burden from my shoulders take ;  
I cannot rise until thine anger cease,  
For Jesu's sake, Lord, grant thy servant peace.

Oh ! God of mercy, God of endless grace,  
Deign in the book of life thy child to place,  
Wash'd and renew'd in that atoning stream,  
Pour'd freely forth, lost sinners to redeem.

O Lamb of God, who sitt'st enthron'd above,  
At His right hand whose very name is Love,  
For one to thy cross clinging intercede,  
At mercy's seat in every time of need.

O Holy Ghost, thy quick'ning power impart,  
Enter and sanctify this erring heart,  
From out its borders every foe expel,  
Then deign within the hallow'd fane to dwell.

Almighty God, to thee I kneel, to thee,  
Eternal Trinity in unity ;  
Out of the book of thy remembrance cast  
The fearful records of the sinful past.

Renew my soul, until, with eagle flight,  
It soars triumphant o'er the shades of night,  
Then shall I hear, with joy, and not dismay,  
The last faint tick that summons me away.

---

HYMN.

Upon thy people, Lord, who here  
Assemble in thy house of prayer,  
Let quick'ning grace in power descend ;  
Whilst strong in faith and confidence,  
With lowly fear and reverence,  
Before thy mercy's seat they bend.

Lord ! let us not, to this world bound,  
Seek peace where no peace can be found,  
But bid us heed the startling cry,

There is on earth no faintest trace  
Of any sure abiding place,  
All here must change, or fade and die.

Teach us, with care and footsteps meek,  
A better land than this to seek,  
To own ourselves but pilgrims here,  
Looking, from thy redeeming love,  
For mansions in the realms above,  
Where sighs are hush'd, and falls no tear.

There, when our earthly course is run,  
We shall not need or moon or sun,  
For there is neither day nor night;  
But wide effulgent glory streams,  
In floods of uncreated beams,  
From Thee, eternal source of light.

With thoughts, O Lord, like these oppress'd,  
We feel this world is not our rest,  
And patient wait, and fervent pray,  
That thou would'st guide, and safely keep  
Thy ransom'd flock of wandering sheep,  
Safe on their home-bound, heav'nly way.

---

LINES WRITTEN ON THE MARINERS'  
CHURCH, DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

What sound is that which steals along thy shores,  
And echos, Douglas, round thy lovely bay !  
It is a holy sabbath bell which peals,  
And summons to attend some house of prayer :  
Haste, Christian, to obey the solemn call,  
Where lies the hull of vessel proud, which once  
Swept o'er the ocean like a thing of life,  
Now to a church transform'd, and consecrate  
To sacred uses—and the glorious name  
Of God, the great Alone, the Triune God,  
Jehovah, Lord of all, the First and Last,  
Omnipotent. What strange but blessed change—  
No more the ship, lone trav'ller on the deep,  
With masts and cordage, sails and streamers, deck't,  
Ploughs trackless paths, as wafted on her course  
By summer zephyrs or propitious gales,  
The waves she crested in her sea-bird form ;  
Or, bending 'neath the bellowing tempest rage,  
She reel'd and plung'd along her desperate way  
With pauseless heave ; and found, amid the din  
Of crashing sounds and elemental war,  
No place of rest. She labour'd as in pain ;

Round her the darkly-foaming waters clos'd,  
 And shook her trembling sides. With shiver'd sails,  
 With rudder gone, the Sea-Queen, late so proud,  
 Dismasted, lay a wreck upon the waves—  
 But not unseen the noble vessel lay,  
 He brought deliverance who alone could save ;  
 And now she sleeps, a hull securely moor'd ;  
 The rippling waters murmur round her sides,  
 The winds sweep by her, but they move her not,  
 She hath attain'd her destiny, and waits,  
 After her course of peril, calm, and storm,  
 The hour when plank from plank disjointed falls,  
 And she shall be forgotten.

But Oh ! more vast, more strange,  
 The change has pass'd within her timber'd walls !  
 Instead of pil'd up goods or crowded stores,  
 Or deadly instruments of cruel strife,  
 Or fell munitions ready rang'd for war,  
 Lightsome, but low, an ample room is seen,  
 With care arrang'd and simple taste adorn'd.—  
 Instead of trappings to alarm or pain,  
 In place of scenes of blood, and woe, and strife,  
 The noisy banquet and the feast profane,  
 Peace reigns—and there the faithful child of God  
 Finds hidden manna, and a table spread  
 At which the soul, athirst for heav'nly joys,  
 Is fed on nourishment divine, and feels  
 Its quick'ning influence and sustaining pow'r.  
 And now, where cries of stern command were heard,

Of furious strivings and the din of arms ;  
 Where sounds of merriment or dismal oaths,  
 Wailings of misery, despair, or death,  
 The preacher's voice proclaims to silent crowds  
 The gospel message of eternal love,  
 God's pard'ning mercy ; and, through Christ, his Son,  
 His reconcilment to a guilty race.  
 And there are seen—instead of crowded decks,  
 Where seamen rough, and soldiers train'd for war,  
 Plied their rude trades—assembled groups, who sunk  
 Into a bosom which had late been fill'd  
 With thick-stor'd hammocks, and a mass most strange  
 Of human beings, order'd, yet confus'd—  
 These form a congregation, silent all,  
 Attentive listening to the Word of Life,  
 As striving only for a heavenly crown :  
 They hear his holy word, they sing his praise,  
 Sealing each pray'r put up before his Throne  
 With the life breathings of the deep Amen ;  
 And, lowly kneeling, all with shame confess  
 Their sinful doings, and for pardon sue.

The christian pilgrim, whose frail bark of life  
 Is in the harbour of his Saviour's love,  
 Safe moor'd at length, careen'd and sanctified ;  
 Who hath the folly and the danger known  
 Of this world's vanities, and deeply felt  
 The sore distress which waited on and cross'd  
 His voyage of life through darkly-troubled seas,  
 Will, in this Church for mariners, trace out

A likeness of himself; and thankful lift  
His heart to God, his glorious Triune God,  
The gracious Author of his present peace.

And I, a stranger, Mona, to thy isle,  
Coming to seek short respite from my toils,  
Have often bow'd, and, deeply thankful, join'd  
The congregated crowd which worshipp'd there :  
Nor have I, I do trust, unheeded heard,  
By grace assisted, and by spirit taught,  
The words of truth which flow'd from Pastor's lips,  
True to the service of his God and King.

Mona, farewell !

I came to thy sequester'd shores unknown,  
With vision failing, and since wholly gone,  
Yet heaven, in mercy, gave me inward light,  
Many kind friends—blest guides yet still more dear,  
And kindly voices that sweet greetings gave.  
A host of pleasing recollections rise,  
As I recall the happy moments past  
In christian communings with kindred hearts ;  
But none more pleasing, more endearing come,  
Than thoughts of that low hallow'd house of God,  
And of the holy aspirations felt,  
Whilst there I knelt in penitence and pray'r.

THE ROAD OF SALVATION OPEN TO ALL  
BELIEVERS.

The Captain of salvation hath  
Prepar'd a heav'nly road,  
An open and a glorious path  
Ascending up to God.

Who dare block up the sacred way,  
Who God's true saints molest?  
Who dare build walls of mud or clay,  
His pilgrims to arrest?

Who, in the place of God's own word,  
Dare raise another throne,  
And cry, "the temple of the Lord,"  
We are Christ's church alone?

Woe, woe, to all who thus engage,  
Woe to the guilty race,  
To laud it o'er God's heritage,  
Or limit his free grace.

With what a sudden vengeance dread,  
He will un pitying sweep,  
When, as the judge of quick and dead,  
He comes the world to reap.

What shall his glorious course withstand ?  
Sin reigns and rules no more ;  
The fan is in his righteous hand,  
And he will purge his floor.

Ye proud ones, ye self-righteous, howl,  
Down are your fabrics cast ;  
Your daubings vile, your priestcraft foul,  
Fade at his trumpet's blast.

With glory then, and splendour grac'd,  
The living church shall rise ;  
Once militant on earth, now plac'd  
Triumphant in the skies.

There shall it rest, there lustrous shine,  
Immortal, pure, and free ;  
Perfect in union and design,  
Built for eternity.

Its stones Christ's faithful followers are,  
Who by his blood were bought,  
And under his almighty care,  
Nobly the battle fought.

In truth and spirit, poor and meek,  
They worshipp'd him below,  
For such alone the Lord doth seek,  
He will no others know.

And there they in his presence wait,  
There they his praise forth-tell ;  
They are his temple, where in state,  
It pleaseth him to dwell.

---

## A MOTHER'S WALK WITH HER CHILD.

It was a glorious summer's day,  
Spring deck'd the gladden'd earth ;  
It was the merry month of May,  
And all was life and mirth.

Bright leaves burst forth from ev'ry tree,  
Blossoms perfum'd the air ;  
The little birds seem'd wild with glee,  
And bade adieu to care.

Sweet flow'rs, like gems, of ev'ry hue  
Sparkled in meadows green ;  
Whilst warbling 'midst the sky's deep blue,  
The mounting lark was seen.

Amid these scenes a blooming child  
Frolic'd in happiest mood,  
And at his side his mother mild  
To watch her darling stood.

And now through vale or fertile field,  
Their cheerful way they took,  
Where nature joy'd her stores to yield!—  
All wore a sunny look.

The mother's heart sweet transports fill  
To see her darling boy,  
For he was good, yet merry still,  
And danc'd and sung for joy.

Earth's busy tribes his senses charm,  
And wonder great impart;  
Yet nothing living could he harm,  
For tender was his heart.

He heard and mock'd the wild bird's glee,  
The wand'ring bee he chas'd;  
Or shouting loud, right merrily  
Join'd as the lambkins rac'd.

“Now go with me, my mother dear,  
To banks with cowslips dress'd;  
O look, pray come, I do declare  
I've found a linnet's nest.

“Quite full of young—How snugly fill  
Their home the callow brood,  
Each op'ning wide its yellow bill,  
To catch expected food.

“One, two, three, four”—“Now let's away,  
Lest we the parents fright ;”  
“Just one more peep, mamma, I pray,  
'Tis such a pretty sight.

“Well now, good bye—O dear, what flowr's!  
Help me to carry some,  
They'll deck my sister's May-day bow'rs,  
I'm glad we've hither come.

“I wish all days like this were fine,  
How happy I have been ;  
I wish the sun would always shine,  
The trees look always green.

“The air is now so warm and clear,  
And ev'ry thing so bright ;  
And winter is so cold and drear,  
With frost and long dark night.”

He look'd up in his mother's face,  
His hand her soft hand press'd ;  
She clasp'd him in a fond embrace,  
And held him to her breast.

“ My child, my child, it cannot be,  
These scenes, though fair, must fade ;  
For time, not for eternity,  
All earthly things were made,

“ The tend'rest flow'r, the huge old oak,  
With weight of ages bar'd ;  
The fly that died the day it woke,  
Or eagle long time spar'd,

“ Must vanish all—their spring-time past,  
Their summer's sunshine o'er,  
On them stern winter comes at last,  
And they are seen no more.

“ Thou too,” she said, and kiss'd his cheek,  
While tears bedimm'd her eye,  
And she could scarce for weeping speak,  
“ Thou too, my child, must die.

“ Nay weep not thus, nor sadly look,  
This should not give thee pain ;  
Hast thou not read in Holy Book,  
The just shall live again.

“ They die but as the floweret dies—  
To wake again in spring ;  
But, unlike it, immortal rise,  
Through Christ their heav'nly King.

“ With him they dwell in bliss unknown,  
Who lov'd and for them died ;  
There can—and there my child alone—  
Thy wish be satisfied.

“ 'Tis there that, pain and grief forgot,  
Spring reigns in endless light ;  
And dreary winter enters not,  
With cruel frosts and blight.”

Her words had acted like a charm ;  
And silent, hand-in-hand,  
They homeward went ; whilst thoughtful calm  
Sat on his features bland.

And as the much-lov'd path they trod,  
She rais'd a heartfelt pray'r,  
That he might always walk with God,  
And his rich blessings share.

---

“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

God spake the word—“Let there be light,”  
 And instant at the sound,  
 Floods of celestial radiance bright,  
 Burst on the drear profound.

From the chaotic face of earth  
 Darkness was roll'd away,  
 As, radiant in its heav'nly birth,  
 Arose the first made day.

And when that glorious light withdrew,  
 Darkness, call'd night, had place,  
 Enwrapping in her sable hue  
 Creation's new-born face.

No sun-lit day then ran its course,  
 For yet no sun had beam'd;  
 'Twas light that from its sacred source  
 In floods of glory stream'd.

At length in pure cerulean skies  
 The starry hosts appear'd,  
 And with gemm'd mantle grac'd, on high  
 The firmament was rear'd.

To rule the day in quenchless light  
Day's orb in heav'n was hung ;  
The moon and stars to rule the night,  
Their mellow'd lustre flung.

With what mute awe would angels gaze  
On worlds in darkness seal'd ;  
When in that clear celestial blaze,  
They stood to sight reveal'd.

So sinner looks on heart of shame,  
The dark abode of sin,  
When to faith's eye, by spirit's flame,  
Made luminous within.

Sweet, when the earth, revolving, greets  
The sun's enlivening face ;  
But sweeter far when dark soul meets  
The dawning day of grace.

Bright, when the day hath night subdu'd,  
Creation's glories shine ;  
But brighter shines the heart renew'd,  
Reflecting light divine.

What scene stupendous met the eye,  
When God's work finish'd stood ;  
When God, Creator, God Most High,  
Pronounc'd that all was good.

What homage glad blest seraphs paid,  
What praise resounding rung,  
As Sons of God loud shoutings made,  
And stars together sung !

And there is joy and gladness now,  
When men to God draw near,  
And at the feet of Jesus bow,  
In penitence and pray'r.

With songs of praise from heav'nly choir,  
Blest angels thronging come,  
To see the saint of God expire,  
And bear his spirit home.

The body death his captive makes,  
And puts it out of sight ;  
It sleeps in darkness, but awakes  
In uncreated light.

What glorious vision strikes the view ;  
Time and time's things are o'er ;  
All, all, is perfect, all is new,  
Darkness exists no more.

No place for sun or moon is found,  
In flames each star must fall ;  
Effulgent glory streams around,  
And God is all in all.

For this I strive, for this I pray,  
Hear, Lord, and I am blest ;  
O guide me in the heav'nly way,  
To thy eternal rest.

O lead me through life's shadowy vale,  
Where all things change and fade ;  
Where trials dark the soul assail,  
And doubts and fears invade.

When o'er me death in awful hour  
Closes her sable wing,  
Take from the tyrant king his pow'r,  
Take from the grave its sting.

As dim life's flickering taper glows,  
And dark this house of clay,  
Lord to my trembling soul disclose  
Glimpse of eternal day.

Sweet is the aspect nature wears,  
Sun-lit and fair to see ;  
But inward light the soul that cheers,  
Grant, Lord, that light to me.

It penetrates the murkiest gloom,  
Uplifts the sinking head ;  
It radiant makes the darksome tomb,  
And dies not with the dead.

Perfect from source divine it came,  
And doth for ever flow,  
To all eternity the same,  
It can no darkness know.

It will again illuminate  
The mansion void and drear,  
When God shall summon small and great  
Before him to appear.

Oh then, when to my wand'ring sight  
Reveal'd thy glories break,  
And from the face of dazzling light  
Thou dost the cov'ring take ;

Jesus, my high exalted Lord,  
My Saviour, Judge, and King,  
To me a spotless robe accord,  
And shade me with thy wing,

That, unconsum'd, at thy right hand,  
I may my God adore,  
And in his glorious presence stand,  
In light for evermore.

---

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MISERABLE MAN,  
HIS HOUR-GLASS, AND THE PASSING  
HOUR.

MISERABLE MAN.

Thou art my own sad Hour-glass—thou and I  
Must oft discourse ; come, let me view thee near,  
Time's dreaded emblem, meas'rer of his hours—  
Why what a rude and antique shape thou bear'st,  
What uncouth form supports thy hour-cups, join'd  
Like twins of Siam. What unpolish'd sides !  
Bearing no impress of a hand polite—  
Thy master, Time, might sure, methinks, ere this,  
Have us'd an adjunct more becoming far,  
To grace his grisly and uncomely form,  
As on he speeds with such a stealthy pace,  
Mowing all down before him with that scythe,  
Weapon unsparing, in a hand so rude—  
Howe'er thou art his choice ; and so, perforce,  
I, now his creature, for a season bound,  
Must be content with thy rough workmanship.  
Come then, I'll turn thee.—Now then, let me see  
How Time, for some short distance, side by side,  
Runs with Eternity a fruitless race,  
Until, absorb'd, thou dost extinct become ;

And but for deathless records of the past,  
Forgot wouldst be as thou hadst never been.  
I'll waste an hour, and watch thee, as thy sand  
Trickles with ceaseless flow, and fills the womb  
Of hour forthcoming, in its turn to die.  
Come now, begin—Hark! sure I hear a voice  
That thrills my inmost soul—Speak, thing of dread,  
That hath so solemn and so harsh a tone;  
Speak, for my soul's ear tingles at the sound—  
What says thy oracle so rude, and strange?

## HOUR-GLASS.

Cease thy vain speech, to jest with me is crime;  
Man, know'st thou not I mete the hours for Time?  
I measure hours that never cease to fly,  
Till, useless reckon'd, Time himself must die.—  
I measur'd ages, ages yet to come  
I have to measure, to the day of doom;—  
Cup after cup, with work so vast appal'd,  
I measure that which cannot be recall'd;  
Each day to Time I give the dread amount,  
For he must render up a strict account;  
A fearful reck'ning since his reign began  
Of all the doings of his subject—Man;  
Of precious moments, precious hours misus'd,  
Forbearance slighted, patient love abus'd.  
In courts eternal are the records kept;  
Could angels weep, how much had angel wept,

Recording angel, as he grav'd on high  
Th' appalling catalogue of infamy—  
The deeds of lust and pride, panders for sin,  
Offspring of hell, polluting all within ;  
Written in book reserv'd for judgement-day,  
Book of remembrance, writing of dismay,  
To all who are not found in Jesus' fold,  
In book of life by Lamb of God enroll'd ;  
When souls, uncleans'd, stand naked and reveal'd,  
To him from whom no secrets are conceal'd ;  
Unblest, unshelter'd by a Saviour's wing,  
To judgment summon'd by their outrag'd King.

Then cease thy mirth, thy levities offend,  
Rather to me in solemn guise attend ;  
Be still, and learn to commune with thy breast,  
Who jests with me shall have small cause for jest.

MISERABLE MAN.

Thy speech, though solemn, pleases. Well hast thou  
Reprov'd me, Hour-glass, and I stand rebuk'd ;  
I'll heed thy counsels, for they tell of things  
Weighty in matter, of concernment grave ;  
Second to nothing—I will jest no more.  
Yet once again, good Hour-glass—I would know  
More of thy lore, for thou dost tell me truth,  
And all unlike the craft of this false world,  
That smiles and stabs, flatters the heart beguil'd ;  
Now with narcotics drugg'd, now drench'd with gall ;

Now sooth'd by pleasure, now by conscience wrung—  
Say, from thy lips in such strange sort conjoin'd  
By narrow neck, through which the trickling sand  
Paces, in measur'd time, its way prescrib'd,  
Forming below that cone-like looking hill,  
A growing nucleus for the coming hour,  
Say, whence the hours thou lov'st so well to mete,  
And whither go they when their course is run ?

## HOUR-GLASS.

'They from a source eternally the same,  
To answer purposes eternal came ;  
Their work completed, they again shall be  
Absorb'd in ocean of eternity.

## MISERABLE MAN.

'Thanks, Hour-glass—Be oracular once more,  
I importune—with reverence importune—  
Shew me the period when thy work shall cease,  
Thy sand, run out, be never turn'd again—  
Silent ! 'Tis good—Thou canst not them declare,  
When thou shalt speak and I shall ask no more.

## HOUR-GLASS.

That hour can no man know—By him alone  
Who habiteth eternity foreknown :

To men and angels ('tis his sovereign will)  
Jehovah veils himself ; let all be still.  
Suffice to say, though hidden from our sight,  
The hour prefix'd by wisdom infinite  
Shall come at last, when angel tells aloud  
Time is no more, to earth's astonish'd crowd,  
And I, and all the things of time and art  
Shall scorch with heat, and like a scroll depart.

## MISERABLE MAN.

What ! Time no more ! The things of time extinct !  
Endless existence, an eternal state  
Of blessedness or curse, of weal or woe !  
Changeless duration, into which have flow'd  
The streams of ages—rivulets of hours—  
By him appointed who the water holds  
In hollow of his hand—Thou Mentor stern,  
With what a startling, what a deep-ton'd sound  
Thou wak'st mine ear, scaring my inward thoughts  
From their propriety !—The awful train  
Of contemplation such as this confounds  
The plummet-line of mind that vain attempts  
To fathom infinite profundity.  
I'll think no more, the very brain is sick,  
And hath no tension equal to the task  
Of grappling with concernments so sublime.

PASSING HOUR.

For dread eternity prepare in time.

MISERABLE MAN.

Thou wisely speak'st, but I am all unskill'd ;  
To me the way is dark, the path unknown ;  
What can me aid and guidance sure afford ?

PASSING HOUR.

Hath not God spoken by his holy word ?

MISERABLE MAN.

'Tis seal'd to me—Is there no help ? Oh ! say !—

PASSING HOUR.

Ask for God's Holy Spirit—watch and pray.

MISERABLE MAN.

'Twere easier sure to end with time and thee,  
Be shrivell'd up at once and be forgot.

PASSING HOUR.

Thou can'st not.—

MISERABLE MAN.

Can'st not?—My blood creeps cold.—O tell me why?

PASSING HOUR.

God breath'd in thee a soul that cannot die.

MISERABLE MAN.

Speak on, thy speech is short, by far too short ;  
Unsatisfying quite to soul athirst  
For hidden knowledge, and which long hath plung'd  
And flounder'd on in ocean of mistrust ;  
By mist surrounded or by gloom obscur'd ;  
Unblest, unvisited by any ray  
Of pow'r, sufficient to unwrap the folds  
In which mysterious Deity has pleas'd  
To shroud and veil himself from mortal ken :—  
I could myself have answer'd well as thee,  
May be with reason better and more deep.  
Is this then all thou canst or dar'st declare  
On subject so momentous, so profound ?  
Hast thou no sermon on this text to preach ?

PASSING HOUR.

Thy very ignorance should meekness teach ;  
What hast thou known, what canst thou ever know,

Save what the Lord thy God vouchsafes to shew ?  
How far will reason aid thee in thy need,  
Or march of intellect thy courses speed ?  
As well attempt to catch the viewless winds  
As fathom Wisdom in her deep designs ;  
Thy being now and in futurity  
Depended not, nor will depend, on thee.  
Then at the footstool of thy Maker bow,  
Wait for the wherefore, whence—the when, and how ;  
These things, in measure now to Faith reveal'd,  
Are, to the gaze profane, in darkness seal'd :  
A day will come when all the quick and dead,  
The just with joy, the unjust souls with dread,  
Shall see things, hidden now, display'd to sight,  
Pierc'd by the blaze of uncreated light.

## MISERABLE MAN.

Am I so ignorant ? Instruct me then.—  
Well, be it so—Now counsel me again,  
But somewhat more discreetly and refin'd,  
Thy speech of late is stern and boisterous grown.

## PASSING HOUR.

Me only, vain one, thou canst call thine own,  
Me, only me, the present passing hour ;  
My brethren all are plac'd beyond thy pow'r ;  
Buried the past in memory's storehouse tomb,

The future veil'd in mystery and gloom.  
Why wilt thou waste me, then, and fret and strain,  
For knowledge far too high for thee to gain ?  
Art thou from poor humanity exempt,  
That thus thou labour'st in the vain attempt,  
Rather reflected in my mirror see,  
Thy want, thy weakness, and thy poverty.  
Seek that which better profiteth, and may  
Afford thee guidance on thy dang'rous way.  
In Gospel light thy path of safety lies,  
Walk in that light, thou proud one, and be wise.

## MISERABLE MAN.

Thou draw'st a stirring moral from thy theme,  
Though quaintly tainted with the antique form  
Of by-gone schools—not fitted much for use,  
In days when reason soars so bold a flight  
Into chaotic regions, where she once  
Could find no entrance for her daring wing—  
My wing I've stretch'd amidst the mass confus'd  
Of jarring elements—And now, at length,  
When sick at heart, and wanting needful rest,  
Can find no footing on the which to 'light,  
Fold up my pinions and repose in peace :  
But on I go disconsolate and sad,  
Backwards and forwards, up and down—quite lost,  
Under God's wrath and heaven's avenging ban.

PASSING HOUR.

Return, return, thou miserable man.

MISERABLE MAN.

Well hast thou call'd me miserable, Hour,  
Return ! a thousand grinning fiends arise  
At mention of the word, to bar my path.  
A thousand obstacles start up at once,  
A swarming host, and strong as gates of brass.

PASSING HOUR.

God for his ransom'd makes a way to pass.

MISERABLE MAN.

The road, alas ! is misty, dark, and drear.

PASSING HOUR.

Ask for that Light which makes all objects clear.

MISERABLE MAN.

Shall I, then, like some lectur'd school-boy sue ;  
Bow to the rod—my cheek suffus'd with shame,  
Or wet with tears, from prostrate bosom wrung ?

Shall I return and bare my back for stripes,  
Confess me sinner to a taunting world,  
And bend submissively the tortur'd knee ?

PASSING HOUR.

Was not thy Saviour spit upon for thee ?

MISERABLE MAN.

Ah me ! ah me ! why didst thou touch a string  
That jars so thrillingly through every nerve ?  
Would I could tutor and constrain my soul,  
To think all fabulous which tells of Thee,  
Jesus of Nazareth, Man-God—False all  
The marvels of thy sufferings and thy love.  
What conflict terrible thy voice has rais'd  
Within a heart, which, toss'd on raging seas,  
Believes in part, and yet not all believes ;  
Which loves in part, but cannot wholly love.

PASSING HOUR.

To thee a gracious Saviour he will prove ;  
A Sharon's Rose thy raptur'd sense to charm ;  
To soothe thine anguish, Gilead's healing balm.  
Know Jesus came, poor sinner, tempest toss'd,  
To cleanse the sinner, and redeem the lost :  
The storm is round thee, thou canst 'bide its shock

Only on Rock of Ages—gain that Rock :  
There, in deep penitence, thy sins deplore,  
His hand shall strengthen and his grace restore ;  
Give up thyself to him in child-like trust,  
The love is changeless of thy God all-just.

## MISERABLE MAN.

This is a time of fearful struggle, Hour,—  
Thou ill canst judge of what a soul endures  
Burden'd with sin, and scourg'd by fleshly lusts.

## PASSING HOUR.

We hours have seen such, and have seen them past,  
And peace come o'er the troubled soul at last—  
Oft watch'd the heart of sullen pride, as cleft  
By Spirit's sword, it seem'd of power bereft ;  
Seen the clench'd hand, the scowl, the troubled mien,  
Exchang'd for thoughtful calm and brow serene ;  
Heard the low wail, the mutter'd cry of fear,  
Follow'd by joyful lips, and praise and prayer—  
Observ'd the hand of love pour oil and wine  
To heal the heart transfix'd by wrath Divine ;  
Look'd upon broken hearts by Mercy found,  
And brought by her to be made up and bound,  
To Holy Comforter, who joys to see  
The parts disjointed knit in harmony ;

Joys to behold his work of grace complete,  
And the worn sufferer sunk in slumbers sweet.

MISERABLE MAN.

Thy speech hath now some touch of comfort in't ;  
Thy words are precious, confident thy tone :  
Doubtless thou hast, since first thou didst adorn  
The hand of Time, strange stories to unfold ;  
Heard strange confessions, witness'd wondrous things.  
Thou bring'st much sage experience to thine aid,  
Nor wilt broach notions school-boy-like and crude.  
Then I may hope, e'en I, that have so long  
Forgot my God, and spurn'd his righteous rule—  
I that to world presented fair outside,  
Like white-wash'd sepulchre, that, clean without,  
Has yet no ray of Grace or Light within—  
I that but wore a garb assum'd for show,  
Woven by pride, by selfishness arrang'd,  
And yet thou say'st there is good hope for me.

PASSING HOUR.

Yes, hope for thee,—  
Though thou hast wickedly His Spirit griev'd ;  
His goodness spurn'd ; trifi'd with gifts receiv'd.  
He waiteth to be gracious, hear his cry :  
“ Return, my son, return : why wilt thou die ?”

## MISERABLE MAN.

Speak on, thy words are precious to mine ears ;  
Cease not to counsel in a strain so sweet ;  
Unlock the varied stores of by-gone days ;  
Summon thy master with his forelock grey,  
As on his form attenuated steals,  
To aid thy verse. What hast thou more to say ?

## PASSING HOUR.

Work out salvation while 'tis call'd to-day.

## MISERABLE MAN.

Salvation !—Oh ! thou word of meaning deep,  
That hath so often struck upon mine ear,  
And knock'd, at times, so loudly at my heart.  
Salvation ! sure there's magic in the word,  
That thus it strikes upon the strings of thought,  
With soul-subduing and most thrilling power—  
It brings to recollection boyish days ;  
Conjures up flashes vivid, though confus'd,  
Of early reminiscences, how sweet !  
When it was softly breath'd into mine ear,  
By mother gentle, tender, and rever'd ;  
And Oh ! how tenderly below'd, who first  
Taught me to lisp a Saviour's sacred Name,  
As at her lap I knelt and turn'd to pray—

Ye come as music on the ear of night,  
When summer breezes wander 'midst the strings  
Of Harp Æolian, discoursing sounds  
Of ravishing delight, yet fitful still ;  
Now fill'd with such soft harmony, it seem'd  
As though the very soul of music hush'd  
Cecilia to repose—or now again  
Swelling in touching cadences—or now  
Dying away in notes of heav'nly birth.  
These memories come like melodies, which long  
Slept, till arous'd within the tuneful brain ;—  
Snatches, at first imperfect, but, at length,  
Reveal'd harmoniously in full discourse.  
Oh me ! what days since then have pass'd away  
Of madd'ning pleasure, or of sore regret,  
Of thoughtless revelry, or bitter thought :  
Forgetful of my mother—and, alas !  
Of God regardless—and the good she taught.  
Say, thou who talk'st so glibly of the hours,  
Tell me of mine so wasted and abus'd ;  
Cut deep, and spare not, for my mood is now  
Like one made up to suffer and endure.

#### PASSING HOUR.

Alas ! alas ! why thus my voice compel ?  
A tale of dread is all I have to tell ;  
Before my vision clouds and darkness roll,  
With dreary retrospect to fill the soul.

Thy hours of youth—I see them furious glide,  
By passion hurried, and led on by pride,  
As thick and lurid, they, a ghastly throng,  
Eclipse Time's disc and madly pass along :  
Thy hours of manhood now come trooping by,  
Ting'd with remorse, surcharg'd with agony ;  
Shaded at intervals with gleams of light,  
But soon again enwrapp'd in folds of night—  
Thy riper hours come on in better guise,  
Fear to obscure their lustre as they rise—  
Thy latest stage of life is just begun,  
Like mine, thy sand of life will soon be run :  
Methinks I spy a dawn of happier day,  
Let it not pass like summer cloud away ;  
Redeem the time, thyself to Jesus give ;  
A brand from fire pluck'd out, thou yet may'st live.  
The blood that flow'd from feet, from side, and hands,  
Will blot the writing that against thee stands.  
Fly, to that Holy Sanctuary fly,  
Safe there in Saviour's gracious bosom lie ;  
He shall restore thee to a Father's arms,  
Illumine thy pathway, shield thee from alarms ;  
Silence accusing hours, reverse thy doom,  
And save thy trembling soul from wrath to come.  
Hark to my voice, thy pathway lost retrace,  
Short time remains to work the work of grace.

## MISERABLE MAN.

Deeply thou prob'st my spirit, Passing Hour ;  
I yet may comfort take, the world's poor slave,  
If I that world renounce and turn to God—  
Renounce the world I love, alas ! too well,  
And turn to Him I love not ! mighty change !  
New birth surprising of regenerate soul.—  
Is there such certain call, such urgent need ?

## PASSING HOUR.

There is indeed.

## MISERABLE MAN.

Can I no middle course of safety run ?

## PASSING HOUR.

None.

## MISERABLE MAN.

Spare me a little—why this pressing haste ?  
My breast with thousand struggling strifes is rent.

## PASSING HOUR.

Observ'st thou not my sand is well nigh spent ?

## MISERABLE MAN.

Stay thy swift course, be quick—inform me how  
I may from howling winds and lightnings hide,  
Refuge so long'd for and so blest attain.

## PASSING HOUR.

The Rock is Him who was on Calvary slain,  
The place of refuge where thou safe may'st hide,  
At foot of cross close by his bleeding side.

## MISERABLE MAN.

Thy grains run passing swift—'Tis strange that I  
Who with all manner of devices strove  
To cheat old Time, and wile away his hours,  
Should now implore them to arrest their course :  
Few minutes yet remain to thee of life,  
And gone thou art where all thy kin have gone ;  
Yet, ere like shadow thou departest, tell,  
O tell me something of the hours to come—  
I do implore thee speak.

## PASSING HOUR.

Of past and present we alone can shew,  
Of future only God himself can know ;

Sufficeth thee to watch and not to sleep,  
That which thou sowest thou shalt surely reap ;  
This solemn truth keep ever in thy view,  
The Lord thy God is Holy, Just, and True.  
Hasten to Jesus, to thy Saviour fly,  
With him thou mayst all time and hours defy ;  
Friends are they then, when Jesus has thine heart,  
They come with rapture and in joy depart,  
As one by one they bear to courts above  
Harmonious tales of Faith, and Hope, and Love ;  
Bedeck'd with smiles, give in their record blest,  
Then peaceful slumber in eternal rest.—  
Then grieve no more thy God, nor madly pain  
The few fast-flying hours that now remain.  
Farewell ! my master summons me away,  
Beware ! we meet again at Judgment-day.

MISERABLE MAN.

And what report wilt thou give in, dread Hour,  
On that tremendous day?—speak, and I'll catch  
The faintest echo of thy voice, as swift  
Thou dost to bright recording Angel speed.

PASSING HOUR.

As thou dost use me and my counsels heed.

## MISERABLE MAN.—ALONE.

Silent ! Thou'rt gone at last, and not a sound,  
Though soft as summer's sigh among the leaves,  
Greeteth mine ear, yet had I much to say—  
Thou shouldst have halted, shouldst have stay'd awhile  
Thy ceaseless flight, and clos'd thy rapid wing.  
My inmost soul thy communings have mov'd ;  
Spell-bound they held me as a potent charm,  
Constraining me with violence most sweet.  
Has then a serious meditative hour  
Too suddenly withdrawn ?—I who was wont  
To treat with cold indifference, or brook  
With petulant impatience sober thought,  
Daring, unbid, unwelcome visitant,  
To enter into sanctu'ry of the mind,  
And there intrude its harsh and grating tone ;  
I that dismiss'd it with all urgent speed,  
As guest dislik'd, and voted quite a bore.  
What strange perversity—what mighty change—  
Whence comes it then ?—may be direct from Thee,  
Father of Spirits, to my spirit proud  
Speaking in tones authoritative, that shake  
Its lofty bearing, and with awful power  
Dictate attention to the quailed soul.  
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth—Speak, my God,  
And let thy Holy Spirit grave thy words  
Upon the fleshy tablets of my heart.  
Speak, Lord, to Thee I kneel—In mercy speak—

Reveal to me, a sinner, oh ! reveal,  
For Jesus' sake, the blessed way of Life.  
I am unworthy, have undone myself ;  
Guilty I am, but cast me not away ;  
Thy dear Son died to make the sinner's peace,  
Lord grant me peace, and let the sinner live.

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## THE SINNER WARNED AND CALLED.

What thickening gloom the vision seals  
Of that poor worm of earth,  
Who, born in sin and misery, feels  
No need of second birth.

He gropes along his gloomy way,  
Mistaking mist for light ;  
No spark of any heaven-born ray  
Illuminates his sight.

All vain delusive arts he tries,  
In rest end ease to dwell ;  
He will not, dare not, realise,  
By faith, death, sin, and hell.

This world, this world, is mine, he cries,  
By lustful passions driven ;  
Alas ! how can he realise,  
By faith, the promis'd heaven ?

He thinks by some oft-mutter'd pray'r,  
Some formal rites observ'd,  
His wounded conscience to besmear,  
God mock'd and mammon serv'd.

No bitterness untold he feels,  
No agonizing smart ;  
Before God's throne he never kneels  
With broken contrite heart.

This is God's vengeance to incur,  
To mock at death and sin ;  
To be a white-wash'd sepulchre,  
All rottenness within.

His eyes are blind, he cannot see  
God's writing on the wall,  
Or he would crawl to Calvary,  
And loud on Jesus call.

To save him from the whelming flood  
Of God's avenging ire ;  
To quench in all-atoning blood,  
His all-consuming fire.

Awake, ye sleepers, dream no more,  
But, prostrate in the dust,  
Come, naked, wretched, blind, and poor,  
Alone in Jesus trust.

Awake, awake, arise, arise,  
The cords that hold you sever,  
Lest death your slumb'ring souls surprise,  
And they are lost for ever.

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THE SINNER AWAKENED AND  
RECEIVED.

As gently-falling showers of dew,  
With vivifying power,  
The parch'd and fading forms renew  
Of herb, and tree, and flower,  
So heavenly dew in plenteous showers descends,  
On him who contrite at God's footstool bends.

Like as the purple beams of morn,  
On course of glory bound,  
Drive from creation's face new-born,  
Darkness the most profound ;

So on the sinner's all-enraptur'd sight  
Breaks light, when God proclaims, "Let there be light."

With joy each breast the scene partakes,  
When a frost-fetter'd land  
To life and loveliness awakes,  
By balmy zephyrs fann'd ;  
So angels gaze, and there glad joy express,  
When hard hearts melt to child-like tenderness.

They only whom God's mercy frees  
From danger, grief, or pain,  
Or, toss'd long time on raging seas,  
The sheltering harbour gain,  
Can somewhat judge of that poor sinner's breast,  
Who calms, at Jesu's feet, his woes to rest.

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THE SINNER ENLIGHTENED AND  
CONSOLED.

Sweet to the traveller, fainting on his road,  
In cooling shade to cast his weary load ;  
Sweet from the haunts of pestilent disease,  
To quaff the freshness of the mountain breeze ;

Sweet to the man whom cords of slavery gall,  
 The blessed moment when his fetters fall ;  
 Sweet to the fever'd cheek the blandly-wafted air,  
 Sweet the dear hand of love soothing the brow of care.

What are all these compar'd to joy he feels,  
 Whom Christ approaches, and with pardon seals ;  
 Who for long time in Satan's trammels bound,  
 Hath, with his master, grace and favour found ;  
 Who to perdition by his conscience doom'd,  
 Ready in fiery gulf to be entomb'd,  
 As o'er the dread abyss he hangs in wild alarm,  
 Enfolded finds himself within a Saviour's arm.

What heavenly transports now his heart subdue,  
 Old things are pass'd away, and all is new ;  
 Fled as a dream all former low desires,  
 To loftier, holier flights his soul aspires ;  
 Earth hath no charms for him, whose steadfast eye  
 Now looks on glories of eternity ;  
 Devotion, praise, and prayer, will all his powers engage,  
 Whilst waiting patiently to close his pilgrimage.

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THE SINNER CONVINCED AND  
THANKFUL.

Yes, thou hast spoken to my soul, my God,  
In mercy spoken, to thy word I bow ;  
Thy rod has stricken, and I kiss the rod  
By mercy rais'd, although it laid me low.

Thy hand was on me and my spirit quail'd,  
It press'd me downwards and my spirit fled ;  
Terror and gloom with horrid spells prevail'd,  
To crush and sink me 'mongst the living dead.

A sea of strife arose, as wave on wave  
The floods, with heads erect, came foaming on ;  
I heard around the bellowing tempest rave,  
All strength had vanish'd, and my sight was gone.

The spirit's sword cut deep into my breast,  
Laid bare the heart before my reeling eyes,  
The dismal sight depriv'd my soul of rest,  
And swept away all refuges of lies.

Thou didst the shatter'd bark of life oppress  
With all thy storms—it scarce could 'bide the  
shock ;

Thou seem'st intent to drive it in distress,  
A found'ring wreck upon the rending rock.

As one death-doom'd, who waits the stroke, I cried  
On Saviour God in sorest agony,  
When Jesus bade me in his bosom hide,  
And there from wrath impending, shelter me.

All was the work of grace—no cut too deep,  
No strokes too many, thou could'st, Jesus, give;  
Grace struck down pride, and taught the eye to  
weep;  
Grace broke the heart-strings, that the soul might  
live.

I know Thee now—the depth of Love I feel,  
Which for lost sinners such a ransom gave;  
Thou didst afflict me with thy sores to heal;  
Thou didst affright me with thy storms to save.

Thou only knowest, to whom all is known,  
What best is for me—be that portion mine:  
No other master will thy servant own;  
Take him, blest Saviour, make him wholly Thine.

Thou hast the waters merg'd of doubts and fears,  
Where streams of bliss in blest communion meet;  
And though with them still mingle bitter tears,  
'Tis hallow'd sorrow, and a grief most sweet.

Oh ! may I never more thy Spirit grieve,  
But, lowly bending, at thy footstool fall ;  
Salvation's cup with thankful heart receive,  
And on thy sacred Name for ever call.

Teach me with lifted heart, and cloudless gaze,  
The works stupendous of thy love to trace ;  
To sing aloud with joyful lips, and praise  
The countless wonders of redeeming grace.

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## THE SINNER HOPEFUL.

The storm is dispers'd, light breaketh around ;  
Distant, the thunder scarce mutters a sound ;  
Cloud on cloud in thick foldings no longer are roll'd,  
The few that remain are all sun-tipp'd with gold ;  
The rainbow appears in the heavens above,  
Sweet token of peace, of light, and of love.

Hope visits the soul, its dangers are o'er,  
The tempest that shook now shakes it no more ;  
Hope clothes it in light like crystalline shrine,  
With rayons lit up from fountain divine ;  
The bark guided safe by this beacon bright,  
Now anchors at last in a bay of delight.

The soul she exalts with visions sublime,  
The saints she assists fair Sion to climb,  
Tempt them the treasures, by Jesus made known,  
To look on with joy and grasp as their own ;  
Forbids the firm hand, in reverence bold,  
Its grasp to relax, or loosen its hold.

The soul, with the food her bounty supplies,  
She feeds, and prepares it in strength to arise ;  
Permits not its views with this life to end,  
But upwards still look, and upwards ascend ;  
She purges the heart to holiness given,  
From dross of the earth, and fits it for heaven.

From the gulf of despair the sinner she saves,  
His bosom with blest aspirations she laves ;  
Wakes it when earth would to drowsiness 'lure,  
With visions of bliss ecstatic and pure ;  
Like halo of light her Egis will throw,  
O'er him who in faith yields no ground to the foe.

Anchor unfailing—the vessel safe moor,  
On life's ocean toss'd, bound for Canaan's shore ;  
Come hope, blessed hope, come quickly, sweet guest,  
With smiles lit in joy illumine my breast ;  
Dispel every cloud, and lovingly cheer  
My spirit, that thirsts for thy indwelling there.

---

## THE SINNER LOVING.

How precious, Lord, dost thou appear,  
 To my awaken'd sight how dear ;  
 Loveliest amidst ten thousand seen,  
 As on thy saving arm I lean.

My soul with awful thought o'erflows,  
 My heart with deep emotion glows,  
 As with the eye of faith I trace  
 Thy miracles of love and grace.

Didst thou resign thy throne on high,  
 As man become, for man to die ?  
 The bitter cup of sorrow drain,  
 A child of tears, and woe, and pain ?

Foxes had holes, and birds their nest,  
 But thy head found no place of rest,  
 When wearied and oppress'd—for me  
 Didst thou endure this misery ?

Endure the subtle tempter's guile,  
 The scoffer's taunt, the scorner's smile ;  
 Watching and fast endure for me,  
 Insult and cruel mockery

When agonis'd, by Cedron's flood,  
Adown thy cheeks roll'd drops of blood ;  
Was this sore, gory sweat for me ?  
Make answer—sad Gethsemane.

Forsaken, bound, condemn'd, he stands,  
Scourg'd and revil'd by hostile bands :  
Ah me ! they spit on him—and see,  
They crown his head with thorns for me.

Follow'd by curses loud, and sneers,  
Meekly, but faint, his cross he bears :  
Oh ! sight of dread—Oh ! woe is me,  
My Saviour bleeds on Calvary.

With savage blows and accents fierce,  
His sacred hands and feet they pierce ;  
They nail him to the cursed tree,  
And crucify my Lord for me.

I hear his doleful cry, his prayer—  
Hark ! “ It is finish'd,” strikes mine ear :  
I turn to gaze—transfix'd I see  
The Prince of Glory die for me.

What Love is this ?—I scarce can speak,  
Surely my o'erfraught heart will break ;  
All this for me ?—It cannot be—  
But Jesus whispers—Yes, for thee !

My Lord, my God, my Saviour, King,  
Naked, I nothing have to bring,  
Can nothing for such love impart—  
But Jesus whispers—Give thine heart.

Take the poor gift, how dearly thine ;  
Purchas'd, redeem'd, by blood divine :  
Be truth and love in all its folds entwined,  
And thy dear image in its core enshrin'd.

---

## CHRIST, THE TRUE VINE.

I am the true and faithful vine,  
And ye its branches are ;  
Its dresser is the Lord divine,  
'Tis his especial care.

The barren shoots which useless stood,  
He will unpitying tear ;  
But prune and train the fruitful wood,  
That it more fruit may bear.

Abide in me, ye shall be fed  
With juices rich and rare ;  
With gorgeous coverings be spread,  
And made divinely fair.

The south wind shall its balm instil,  
And wake your drear repose ;  
Soft dews shall sweetly lave—until  
Each blossoms like a rose.

Inserted buds, the feeblest grafts,  
The boughs in-arch'd in me,  
Like babes shall drink sweet milky draughts,  
Till we united be.

Widely the bursting boughs shall fling  
Their charms, like sparkling gems ;  
Tendrils their loving arms shall fling,  
Around their neighbour stems.

Deep foliage floods of glory shower,  
With robes of golden green ;  
And bunches rich of perfum'd flower,  
In pendant rows be seen.

Thick clusters shall the eye salute,  
In rich profusion found,  
Till, with rich store of ripening fruit,  
The branches all are crowned.

My branches thus I'll fruitful make,  
All this my love provide,  
If ye will not the vine forsake,  
But in its love abide.

Ye cannot bud, ye cannot bloom,  
Ye cannot fruitful be,  
But sink in barrenness and gloom,  
Cut from the parent tree.

Then be not faithless, lest ye fade,  
From grace and favour turn'd,  
And be like wither'd fagots made,  
Fit only to be burn'd.

---

## HYMN.

Lift up your hearts with one accord,  
 Ye saints of God attend,  
 The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
 In love doth condescend  
 To be to us a parent tree,  
 And that his branches we should be.

Who shall the wondrous truth declare,  
 Gaze on the vision bright ?  
 The angels ever bright and fair,  
 Stand dazzled at the sight ;  
 The glorious truth, for ages seal'd,  
 Now stands in God's own page reveal'd.

And we who long hell's pathway trod,  
 May tread a heavenly shore,  
 And now, as reconcil'd to God,  
 His enemies no more,  
 Have one-ness in the Saviour's love,  
 Have one-ness in His courts above.

To reach this blessedness supreme  
 We must obedient live ;  
 By prayer and faith the time redeem,  
 And, henceforth, wholly give

Ourselves to Him, who gracious said—  
“Abide in me thy living Head.”

Abide in Thee—In Thee!—Oh grace!

Oh privilege divine!

To be in Thee, to see thy face,

Doth all in all combine;

This thought our swelling bosom fills,

This hope our every fibre thrills.

By Thee, O Holy Spirit, led,

We shall not miss our way;

O'er us thy counselling influence shed,

That we no more may stray;

But in that gracious tree confide,

And branches, bearing fruit, abide.

## HYMN.

Almighty God, our heav'nly King,  
 Thy creatures deign to hear,  
 While meekly they with rev'rence sing,  
 Their hymn of praise and prayer.

We would thy goodness, Lord, recount,  
 With grateful tongues confess  
 How great thy love, the vast amount  
 Of mercies numberless.

We know, alas! how oft we stray  
 From forth thy shelt'ring fold ;  
 Let then thy Spirit guide our way,  
 Thy hand our steps uphold.

We come, O Lord, before thy Throne,  
 And lowly bend the knee,  
 And all our guilt and misery own,  
 To be absolv'd by Thee.

O may our supplications rise  
 To where thou reign'st above ;  
 We plead a Saviour's sacrifice,  
 A dying Saviour's love.

## HYMN.

Father of mercies ! God of all !  
Wretched we come to Thee ;  
And prostrate at thy feet we fall,  
Eternal Trinity.

Unblest by Thee, no single ray  
Falls on our hopeless sight ;  
We wander on our earthly way  
In deepest shades of night.

For Jesus' sake who died to save,  
And burst the rock-clos'd tomb,  
Quicken this torpor of the grave,  
Dispel this fearful gloom.

Thy promis'd Spirit pour on those,  
Who lowly in the dust  
On their dear Saviour's love repose,  
And in his ransom trust.

O may his Holy Power be shed  
Abroad in every heart,  
Comfort the living, wake the dead,  
And life and joy impart.

Grant us, O Lord, a large increase  
Of faith, and hope, and love,  
Until in joyfulness and peace,  
We reach thy courts above.

---

## HYMN.

Father of mercies numberless,  
Parent of good, thy children bless ;  
Protect and guide us night and day,  
In safety on our heav'nly way.

Each passing moment plainly shews  
The fountain whence all goodness flows ;  
Our hearts are faint, our tongues are weak,  
Thy love to feel, thy praise to speak.

Dependent wholly on thy care,  
Let us thine earthly bounties share ;  
With heav'nly food our souls sustain,  
The food of Him on Calv'ry slain.

'Teach us to combat in thy might,  
The light to see by thine own light ;  
Impassive in thine arms to lie,  
Made meet, whilst there, to live or die.

Our foolishness and sins forgive,  
Through Him who died that we might live ;  
And may thy quickening Spirit move  
Our hearts to holiness and love.

Into thy hands, O Power benign,  
Abba, our Father, we resign  
Ourselves in child-like confidence,  
That earth nor hell can pluck us thence.

O may we humbly walk with Thee,  
Eternal, Triune, Deity :  
So shall we never miss the road,  
That leads to thy Divine abode.

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## HYMN OF CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS.

Lord of power and might art Thou,  
Feeble worms of earth are we,  
Thou, Jehovah, Lord of all,  
Glory all belongs to Thee.

We are trembling pilgrims here,  
For our lives, O Lord, we flee ;  
Ope to us thy City's gates ;  
Be the glory all to Thee.

From a land of death we fled,  
Straight to Holy Calvary,  
Now we need a place of rest :  
Hear—the glory be to Thee.

Galling cords yet bind our hands,  
Set, O Lord, thy pris'ners free ;  
Break the yoke from off our necks,  
And the glory be to Thee.

Savage foes yet track our steps,  
Lord, their rage and malice see ;  
Shield us with thy wings of Love ;  
Be the glory all to Thee.

As thou turn'st rich flowing streams,  
Turn our sad captivity,  
Till we reach fair Sion's heights,  
Where they glory give to Thee.

Here we bow adoring head,  
Here we bend the willing knee ;  
Take and make us all thine own,  
We the glory give to Thee.

For the sake of thy dear Son,  
We attempt no other plea,  
Open, Lord, and shut us in ;  
Be the glory all to Thee.

Joy of heart!—The gates unfold—  
The King hath seen our misery,  
Praise and everlasting thanks ;  
Glory, glory, be to Thee !

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## HYMN.

We have, O Lord, thy Spirit griev'd,  
 Its voice withstood, and still withstand ;  
 And countless blessings have receiv'd,  
 Yet never thank'd the bounteous hand.

We do lament our sinfulness ;  
 Guilty, O guilty, all our cry ;  
 And lowly in the dust confess,  
 We have, indeed, deserv'd to die.

With downcast soul and streaming eyes,  
 To Thee we sue for rest and peace ;  
 Thy work, O Lord, do not despise,  
 But let thy righteous anger cease.

Within thy bosom, Lord, we see  
 A Lamb, as though it had been slain ;  
 In that Lamb's name we make our plea,  
 And shall not, cannot, plead in vain.

That Blood can cleanse from every taint,  
 The work of sin and death destroy ;  
 Transform the sinner to the saint ;  
 The muddy pools to wells of joy.

Our conscience lave with this, dear Lord,  
That we, from works of death set free,  
May, with thy Church, in one accord,  
Praise, serve, and follow after Thee.

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## HYMN.

A burden sat upon my breast  
Too great to bear ;  
Though fortune flatter'd, friends caress'd,  
It still was there.

Unwonted sighs by night and day  
Would frequent burst ;  
Through joyous hall I held my way,  
Like one accurst.

In vain I struggled to be free,  
I was fast bound ;  
My soul, toss'd on a raging sea,  
No anchorage found.

Blessed for ever be the hour  
I lowly bow'd ;  
And, quicken'd by the Spirit's power,  
Pray'd long and loud.

Within replied a still small voice,  
Look up on high ;  
Thy prayers are heard, my son rejoice,  
Thy God is nigh.

Where Christ had died and bled I stood,  
When I arose ;  
And conscience, sprinkled with his blood,  
Found sweet repose.

Through Him, for guilty sinners slain,  
My burden fell ;  
Through Him the victory I gain,  
O'er death and hell.

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## HYMN OF THE CHRISTIAN HUSBANDMAN.

Before Thee, Lord of Life, we bow,  
 And, strong in Faith, commit we now  
 The seed thou gav'st, into a soil  
 Prepar'd with care, bedew'd with toil :  
 Hear, gracious Lord, our earnest cry,  
 The germ protect and vivify.

Author of Good—our Lord and King—  
 O cause the tender blade to spring ;  
 The shoots from every blast defend,  
 As weakly to the earth they bend ;  
 And water with the dew of Heaven,  
 The plants so mercifully given.

O God of Providence be near  
 To guard them with thy fost'ring care ;  
 With sunbeams warm ; with gentle rain  
 The softly-opening leaves sustain ;  
 Let no dark worm or raging storm  
 Their vigour suck, their sweets deform.

God of all power, let stems arise,  
 By zephyrs fed and sunny skies ;

May they their course of joy fulfil,  
Shielded by Thee from every ill ;  
From noxious weeds and mildew blight,  
From heat by day and cold by night.

Parent of Good, we here confess  
Our utter need and helplessness ;  
We cannot make one leaflet grow,  
We cannot bid one rain-drop flow ;  
We sow in hope, but thou alone  
Canst give increase to what is sown.

Oh ! bounteous Lord, for mercy's sake,  
The waving corn-fields fruitful make :  
Oh ! God of plenty, ope thine hand,  
That clustering ears may thickly stand,  
With blossoms deck'd, and after found  
With stores of richest bounty crown'd.

Thy blessings, gracious Parent, yield,  
Mature the golden harvest-field ;  
Fill the glad reaper's hand with good,  
Thy promise ever sure hath stood ;  
That promise, faithful God, we hail—  
"Seed-time and harvest shall not fail."

God of the seasons ! hear our prayer,  
Grant days propitious, bright, and fair,

Until with heaps of plenteousness,  
Thou dost thy creatures deign to bless,  
And all conspire, the last load come,  
To shout a joyful harvest-home.

God of all mercies hear us pray,  
O grant that, sown in Christ, we may,  
Quicken'd and rooted, grounded be,  
Cherish'd, and fed, and led by Thee ;  
Until like shocks of ripen'd corn  
We fall by angel reaper shorn ;  
In-gather'd by thy hands divine,  
In garners of thy Love to shine.

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THE CHRISTIAN HUSBANDMAN'S HYMN  
ON THE COMPLETION OF HARVEST.

Come, fellow-tillers of the soil,  
Ye sharers of the harvest toil,  
With wives and children hither come,  
To celebrate the harvest-home :  
Around my hearth and board appear,  
All shall find hearty welcome there ;  
But ere with feast we close the day,  
Let us to God our homage pay.

Fresh mercies, Lord, on us have flow'd,  
Fresh bounties by thy hand bestow'd ;  
Thou hast the year with plenty crown'd,  
Abundance greets us all around :  
The golden crops, by Thee matur'd,  
Now bless'd by Thee, are all secur'd ;  
To Thee, O God, our songs we raise,  
Thanksgiving and the voice of praise.

Thou hast, indeed, op'd wide thine hand,  
Well stor'd our barns and corn-steads stand ;  
How lovely in autumnal beam,  
The golden ricks with gladness gleam ;

And joyous is the sylvan scene,  
Where busy crowds the stubbles glean :  
To Thee, the fountain whence they flow,  
These and each blessing, Lord, we owe.

Therefore the praise be wholly thine,  
Lord God of Providence Divine :  
Vain were our power, and vain our skill,  
The smiling land with good to fill ;  
One blast from Thee had swept away  
The hope and toil of many a day ;  
But graciously thou broughtest aid ;  
To Thee, the debt we owe, be paid.

Teach us to deal, as thou dost deal ;  
Teach us for others' wants to feel ;  
And as thou dost increase our store,  
Wide may we open heart and door :  
O'er nakedness a covering fling,  
And make the poor and needy sing ;  
Thy benefits with others share,  
Confiding all things to thy care.

O Thou who hast to fulness brought,  
The labours that our hands have wrought,  
Deign still to prosper and to bless,  
Our handy works with mete success ;  
But chiefly, Lord, our souls sustain,  
And in our hearts supremely reign,

So when our work on earth is done,  
And harvest of the world is won,  
We may, wheat sifted, good and sound,  
Fit for the Master's use be found.

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## HYMN.

Jehovah, Lord, Thy mighty Hand  
In every thing we see ;  
All things obey Thy dread command,  
God of Eternity.

Who can thy wondrous acts declare,  
Thy glorious doings tell ?  
To track thy footsteps who shall dare,  
Thy paths unsearchable ?

Shall dim obscurity rehearse  
Of what is pure and bright ?  
Shall present finite dare converse  
With future infinite ?

Who on the darkness round Thee spread  
Can gaze, unmov'd with awe ?  
Who thy pavilion's cov'ring dread,  
Mysterious veil, withdraw ?

No ! 'tis to every eye but Thine  
Impenetrable shade :  
On every hand, Thou, God sublime,  
Hast interdiction laid.

If to faith's gaze in visions fair,  
Thou dost the curtain lift,  
'Tis instant dropp'd on all who dare  
Abuse the heavenly gift.

Who dare with feet profane approach  
The unsufferable blaze ?  
And on God's secret things encroach  
With bold unhallow'd gaze ?

The veriest atom, night and day,  
The earth, the sea, the air,  
Tell forth thy glory, but none may  
Thy mind, O God, declare.

The jewell'd Heavens resplendently  
Thy mightiness attest ;  
But who can their deep harmony  
Make fully manifest ?

We do our ignorance confess,  
Our foolishness and pride ;  
Bewail our utter helplessness ;  
Be thou, O Lord, our guide.

Our pathway, intricate and drear,  
Illumine by gospel light ;  
Teach us to walk as pilgrims here,  
By faith, and not by sight,

And thou continuest Holy still,  
Unchangeably the same ;  
Let heaven and earth obey thy will ;  
Adored be thy name.

At judgment-day at thy right hand,  
Lord, may we find a place ;  
And round thy Throne of glory stand,  
Glad monuments of grace.

Hear Thee profess us for thine own,  
Where none can intervene ;  
Then shall we know as we are known,  
No cov'ring veil between.

Our souls oppress'd with feelings deep,  
Oft like a bird would flee ;  
In patience, Lord, the pris'ners keep,  
Until thou sett'st them free.

## HYMN.

Lord ! grant me faith, and hope, and love,  
 Vouchsaf'd to earth from realms above ;  
 These precious gems, sweet gifts of grace,  
 Deign in my heart of hearts to place.

Grant me the faith that soars on high,  
 The living faith that cannot die ;  
 Which spreads aloft her heav'n-plum'd wings,  
 Rejoicing in the King of Kings.

Lord grant me hope—not such as here  
 Pierces like broken reed or spear—  
 But that which shames not, fix'd on Thee,  
 Safe anchor'd on Eternity.

O grant me love ! no child of earth,  
 Sickly and fading from its birth ;  
 Not love from self or passion sprung,  
 O'er which no holy garb is flung.—

But love lit from celestial fires,  
 Which dies not when the man expires ;  
 Which burns with bright and brighter flame,  
 Until exhal'd from whence it came.

Pure gems of mercy—jewels bright—  
Around me shine with lustrous light ;  
Shew me the way, the blessed road,  
Ye know so well, that leads to God.

Sweet sisters all your power impart,  
And soothe to rest my aching heart ;  
Calm all its fears, its doubts remove,  
And waft me to the courts above.

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HYMN.—PART I.

In lowest depths of woe and fear,  
A suppliant, Lord, I lie ;  
O from thy awful Throne bend down,  
And hear my bitter cry.

O cast me not in wrath away,  
Nor utterly forsake ;  
I perish, if from me thou dost  
Thy Holy Spirit take.

Dread doubts and sad misgivings, Lord,  
Torment my troubled soul ;  
O'er me conflicting tempests pass,  
And dismal waters roll.

My sins have taken hold of me,  
They press my sinking head ;  
Without a ray to guide my path,  
The joyless world I tread.

O glorious Lord, thy holy Name  
Scarce lives within my breast ;  
I wander on in dim despair,  
And find no place of rest.

When I would fix my wand'ring thoughts,  
Quickly the effort dies ;  
When I would trace a heavenly scene,  
The beauteous vision flies.

I pray —alas ! the listless pray'r,  
Unfelt, returns again ;  
In grief I waste the midnight hours,  
But tears are all in vain.

Whither have fled those sacred joys,  
Once to thy servant given,  
Which rais'd his ardent thoughts from earth,  
And fix'd them upon Heaven ?

The holy aspirations sweet,  
Foretaste of blissful state,  
Where are they?—they are gone—all gone,  
And left me desolate.

I wander on my devious way  
In dim uncertainty ;  
Nor can the trackless path discern ;  
My sight hath failed me.

The holy peace I once enjoy'd  
'Twere useless now to seek ;  
My Saviour's Love is clean put out,  
And faith grows cold and weak.

I am undone—mourn, mourn, my soul,  
The Lord hath hid his face ;  
His countenance no longer shines,  
Lit up with sovereign grace.

In gloominess and sore dismay,  
I draw a lab'ring breath ;  
Life has no hopes for me—but still,  
How terrible is death !

Deliver me, O Lord my God,  
My flesh and spirit fail ;  
Thou canst—and thou alone, my King—  
Against my foes prevail.

When I would think of nought but good,  
Evil is present still ;  
The weakness of the flesh I loathe,  
I loathe the carnal will.

By night and day by passions toss'd,  
No rest my body knows ;  
O save me, for thou only canst,  
From my assailing foes.

The conflict is too much for me,  
My efforts are in vain ;  
I can no more the warfare wage,  
No more the fight maintain.

On me the pit her mouth would close,  
Lord, hear my bitter cry,  
I sink beneath the whelming floods,  
Lord, save me, or I die.

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## PART II.

Cease to lament, thy tears restrain,  
Impatient soul, forbear ;  
O thou of little faith, be still,  
Whence comes this recreant fear ?

Why thus in feebleness cast down ?  
Why thus disquieted ?  
Why weakly fall thy hands, my son ?  
Why droops thy sinking head ?

God's arm uprais'd in thy behalf  
Hast thou not often seen ?  
Are all his mercies clean forgot,  
As they had never been ?

Who builds upon the Lord his God,  
Builds on a Rock secure ;  
Which, hurling back the tempest's shock,  
Shall all its rage endure.

Wilt thou his word of Truth and Life  
A baseless fabric deem ?  
And count the record of his Love  
But as an idle dream ?

Forbear with such unworthy thoughts  
To tempt the Lord Most High ;  
Go boldly to the Throne of grace,  
And to thy God draw nigh.

Seek strength from Him the source of strength,  
And in that strength confide ;  
Seek light from Him the source of Light,  
And in that Light abide.

The Lord hath spoken, and his words  
Are not each morning new ;  
Mankind may unbelieving be,  
God cannot be untrue.

With Him it is not yea and nay,  
As suits man's mental range ;  
But Yea and Amen God hath said :  
Jehovah cannot change.

He hath redeem'd his Bride—the Church—  
With priceless sacrifice ;  
And she is dear as thousand worlds,  
And lovely in his eyes.

Each member is a precious gem,  
Though now but faint and dim ;  
Doubt not, he will deliver thee,  
Put thou thy trust in Him.

The mother may forsake her child,  
That hung upon her breast,  
But how can God his saints forget,  
That in his bosom rest ?

They are engraven on his palm,  
Their foreheads bear his name ;  
Within their hearts his Love is writ  
In characters of flame.

Though now a timid flock they roam,  
    Encompass'd with alarm ;  
Around them, O how tenderly,  
    Is twin'd his loving arm—

Nor death nor all the powers of hell  
    Can the blest compact sever ;  
His were they ere the worlds were form'd  
    And they are his for ever.

Then look up, prisoner of hope,  
    Cast off thy slavish fears,  
And in the beams of Jesu's Love,  
    Dry up the falling tears.

Forward, good soldier, forward still,  
    And with Christ's chosen band,  
Where waves the banner of the Cross,  
    Take thou thy glorious stand.

Courage, good soldier, face the foe,  
    Strong in thy Saviour's might ;  
Be not dismay'd, but valiantly  
    Maintain the sacred fight.

Soon will the raging strife be o'er,  
    The fiery trial cease ;  
And thou shalt rest in Heaven's glad courts,  
    In everlasting peace.

## PART III.

O Lord, my God, how good thou art,  
In this thy hand I see ;  
'Thou hast, for wise and gracious ends,  
In mercy chasten'd me.

Troubles so thickly round me came—  
Forgive, my Lord, forgive ;  
The snares of death encompass'd me,  
Now once again I live.

'Twas night, and all seem'd dark with me,  
But night and gloom are past ;  
The Day-spring bright hath visited,  
And light is breaking fast.

Greatly thy doubting child hath sinn'd,  
Pardon my unbelief ;  
But I was sorely press'd, my God,  
And sick with too much grief.

O truant soul—O foolish heart—  
What could thy Spirit move,  
Thus to mistrust thy Saviour's care,  
Or doubt his tender Love ?

O foolish heart, that, dead to sense,  
Would not the past survey,  
Nor call to mind God's mercies plac'd  
In long and bright array.

O foolish heart, that fear'd to look  
Upon thy dying Lord ;  
O thou of weak and little faith,  
That would not trust his Word.

What, though awhile obscur'd with clouds  
His countenance doth shine,  
And heavy on thy drooping head  
Presses the hand Divine ;

Canst thou not 'bide the Lord's good time,  
And for his pleasure wait ;  
Tarry his leisure patiently,  
And early watch and late ?

Now do I know, though sorrow may  
Endure the live-long night,  
Joy, like a rainbow after storm,  
Comes with the dawning light.

Now do I know that thou art good,  
Although unsearchable,  
And measureless thy boundless Love,  
None can its vastness tell.

Thou hast thy servant comforted  
With words of untold worth ;  
A pearl bestow'd, more precious far  
Than all the gems of earth.

Unrighteous tongues may vex my soul,  
Or foolish men deride,  
I will not fear what man can do,  
Since God is on my side.

His faithfulness in all I trace,  
And kiss the chastening rod ;  
How could I for a moment doubt  
The goodness of my God ?

Now let the sons of mammon scoff,  
And vent their scornful boasts,  
My talk shall be of Sion's King,  
The mighty Lord of Hosts.

O changeless God ! my God ! nought can  
Thy holiness efface ;  
Great King, the worship and the hope  
Of Israel's chosen race.

To Thee I look, Almighty God,  
In every needful hour ;  
On me the blessings of thy grace  
In rich abundance shower.

So shall I tread this vale of tears,  
A pilgrim meek and poor,  
Seeking a better heritage,  
On Canaan's sacred shore.

Pilgrim of hope rejoicing go,  
Until that shore I gain ;  
Relying on thine arm alone,  
Knowing all else is vain.

So thou art mine and keep'st my path,  
What need my soul alarm ?  
What need I fear how man can wound,  
So I have Gilead's balm ?

Should grief on grief beset my days,  
Or death his standard rear ;  
I'll gaze on Calvary's Cross and see  
Deliverance written there.

Peace, peace, my soul—secure in Christ,  
Thou wilt not, canst not, die ;  
And thy lov'd earthly mansion safe  
In mother earth shall lie,

Until again, at trumpet's voice,  
In joy they re-unite ;  
And stand before his glorious Throne,  
In life, and peace, and light.

O God, thy Holy Spirit give,  
His quick'ning power impart,  
That thankful I may bow my head,  
And give Thee all my heart.

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THERE REMAINETH THEN A REST FOR  
THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

How beauteous in their summer robes are seen  
The gemm'd fields sparkling in their hues of green ;  
The perfum'd flowers, the shadowy waving trees,  
The light leaves dancing in the gladsome breeze.  
How beauteous the glen and forest wild,  
Mountains and rocks together heap'd and pil'd,  
Wild waters tumbling over rocky bed,  
Or gently murmuring,—whilst overhead  
The glorious sun pours floods of radiance forth,  
Decking with splendour all the forms of earth.  
The drowsy cattle calm and listless lie,  
Around, the busy insects humming fly ;  
The varied songs of woodland warblers float,  
With thrilling minstrelsy or soothing note ;

The winding river, as it ripples by,  
Adds its soft charm to nature's melody.  
Ah me ! how lovely and how beautiful !  
The whisp'ring zephyrs, as they wander, lull  
The soul to ecstasy ; so calm and deep,  
It seems a dreamy, trance-like, vision'd sleep.

Sweet, oh ! how sweet, the cherish'd home fire-side,  
Where love domestic and content abide :  
The wife, the husband, and the babe are there,  
With brothers, kindly friends, or sisters dear ;  
I see their harmless mirth, I catch their glee,  
Or hear, well-pleas'd, their blithsome minstrelsy.  
The joyful father lays aside his care,  
One after one his knee the youngsters share,  
Whilst to his bosom softly nestling creeps  
The latest pledge of love, and there he sleeps ;  
Convey'd, at length, from where he lays his head,  
To the soft couch, plac'd close by parent bed.  
Oh ! sweet it is where love like this is found,  
And hearts to hearts in harmony are bound.  
How sweet, when youngster, for God's bounteous grace,  
Repeats thanksgivings with a serious face ;  
When circling group is hush'd, as all engage  
To learn his truth from God's eternal page ;  
When, verse by verse, young voices loud recite  
The blessed words of wisdom infinite ;  
And after, solemn hymns in concert raise :  
(From mouths of sucklings God can perfect praise.)

A bursting strain of harmony is heard,  
No senseless efforts, for all hearts are stirr'd ;  
They cease, and all in silence bending low,  
From christian elder words of worship flow,  
And prayers are offered from the inmost soul,  
That God would guide, protect, direct, control  
Their footsteps in this wilderness of shame,  
Through Christ their Saviour's all-prevailing name.

How much more joyous, how much holier still,  
When God's true people sacred temples fill ;  
Where swelling organ pours the solemn song,  
And thousand voices the glad strains prolong ;  
Where, lowly bow'd, thousands aloud repeat  
Their prayers, their praises, in communion sweet.  
A goodly sight to see Christ's soldiers stand,  
In serried ranks, a firm, cemented band ;  
Fighting, encas'd in panoply of light,  
'Gainst death and hell, a brave and ceaseless fight ;  
Waging a desperate war of arduous strife,  
For Christ's glad kingdom and eternal life.  
Their Captain leads them on, they hear his voice,  
They see his banner, and their hearts rejoice ;  
To him they look when fallen, weak, or faint,  
To him, when sinking, they address complaint ;  
His arm is ready, and their cries he hears,  
And grace divine their drooping courage cheers.  
New life is giv'n ; knees, lately bent with pain,  
Stand firm as adamant, and strength regain ;

Hands, that but now hung weak and feebly down,  
Stretch forth and grasp an everlasting crown.  
As moulting eagle now with prostrate form,  
Crouching to earth, no longer braves the storm,  
His noble mien bears marks of sore distress,  
Sickly his eye, his pinions motionless :  
But plum'd afresh, grandly he upward springs,  
And soars aloft with renovated wings ;  
His eye undazzled, and erect his head,  
Towards heav'ns high firmament his course is sped ;  
Joy marks his flight, as high in native skies,  
He spurns the ground, and every foe defies ;  
Winging his way in light, and joy, and glee ;  
From earthly shafts, and earthly dangers free.

These are sweet pictures, and a thousand more  
Are spread, in mercy, on this nether shore.  
They rise in beauty, but they fade away,  
Like hues of morning 'fore meridian day ;  
Lovely in form and color, one by one,  
They flit, they change, they sparkle, and are gone.  
Winter o'er masters summer, and the scene,  
So fairy-like, so gorgeous and serene,  
Is dreary all and dark. Fled is the dream  
That idly floated in the sunny beam.  
Death throws his dart amidst the happy throng  
That sported now in jocund mirth and song ;  
Or sickness, discord, sorrow, and distress,  
Sad heavy burdens, on the circle press :

They mourn hopes fled, that once fair visions show'd,  
They weep, whose bosoms with delight o'erflow'd.  
The outlines gay, affection lov'd to mark,  
Are strangely fill'd with colors sad and dark ;  
And voids are made that nothing can supply  
Of all earth's things, that are but born to die.

What then remains ?—Is there no peace, no rest,  
For sons of men, when wearied and opprest ?  
Is nought enduring, nothing left behind,  
Hath God forgotten to be good and kind ?  
His mercy gone for ever ? and no trace  
Of love triumphant and returning grace ?  
Will he not show to our adoring sight,  
His countenance lit up with peace and light ?—  
Break forth ye people of the Lord and sing ;  
Raise loud hosannas to your God and King !  
He is supremely merciful as just,  
And will not leave you prostrate in the dust ;  
E'en here, in this bleak world of woe and sin,  
A rest remaineth—even peace within ;  
A peace, which founded on a rock, endures  
And calm, 'midst warring elements, secures ;  
O'er which the powers of darkness have no sway,  
Which mortals give not, nor can take away,  
A rest so holy, just, so pure and deep,  
Can the vex'd soul in joy and patience keep ;  
Though grief on grief, sorrow on sorrow press,  
'Tis the oasis in a wilderness ;

A bubbling well, a fountain of delight ;  
A flaming beacon on a stormy night ;  
The barren desert smiles, the thirsty waste  
Is suddenly with verdant richness grac'd,  
And day breaks forth, with light bespangled o'er,  
Where night and darkness brooding sat before.

Whence comes this peace, where 'bides this halcyon  
rest ?

It springs triumphant in the contrite breast ;  
It budded forth when first the work began,  
And God's free Spirit touch'd the inner man ;  
It grew, as broken-hearted now he felt ;  
It blossom'd, poor and needy as he knelt ;  
It teem'd with fragrance, as with upward gaze  
He pour'd aloft a swelling tide of praise ;  
Rich fruits it bore, as sin's sore galling yoke  
Was from his wearied shoulders loos'd and broke.  
It comes from breaking of the chains that held,  
The fatal spell that blinded and impell'd,  
When by the Spirit's sacred influence taught,  
He was to Calvary's blood-stain'd regions brought,  
There felt his conscience sprinkled, and a balm  
Healing its wounds with softly-soothing charm ;  
No more a stranger, friendless and unknown,  
Henceforth he walks no more unblest, alone.  
He feels an interest in the Son of Man,  
He feels an interest in the mighty plan,  
He feels new-born, his grievous guilt forgiven,  
And treads the earth a denizen of heaven.

Where doth this rest abide—Oh ! tell me where?—

In lowly breast, regenerate and sincere ;  
With him, who, by the love of Christ constrain'd,  
Walks in his footsteps with a joy unfeign'd.  
With him, who toiling up to Sion's height,  
Trusts in his Saviour's all-prevailing might ;  
Who to God's word his wand'ring thought confines,  
And to God's will his own frail will resigns.  
Who walking steadfastly when tempests lower,  
Confiding in his faithfulness and power.  
Leads here, whilst waiting for the courts above,  
A life of humble faith, and hope, and love.

Where doth this rest in full perfection reign ?  
Where God's true saints its full fruition gain ?  
'Tis in that place celestial, pure and bright,  
Where dwells Omnipotence enrob'd in light.  
Fast by the throne of God, the wondrous throne  
Whereon Jehovah rules and reigns alone.  
Where golden harps are tun'd, and myriads raise  
One universal shout of rapturous praise.  
Where crowns are cast, and the redeemed sing :  
"Thou only worthy art, our Saviour King."  
Where new Jerusalem its glory shows,  
And, deck'd in everlasting splendour, glows.  
Where in the midst the tree long lost appears,  
The tree of life, and fruit for ever bears !

When shall we reach this rest ? When death is foil'd,  
His honors rifl'd and his sceptre spoil'd.

When he, who all hell's subtleties defied,  
Purchas'd the kingdom and on Calvary died,  
When he, who rose again to justify,  
Ascending, sat on God's right hand on high,  
Comes in his own and in his father's name,  
Th' eternal Son, his ransom'd flock to claim.  
Bows down the heavens and their glory rends,  
And as the Judge of all the earth descends ;  
In the vast pomp God's glitt'ring hosts are found,  
And all his holy angels throng around.  
When blasts from trump of God loud summons give,  
When earth and sea give up, and dry bones live ;  
When bodies, that in dark corruption lay, }  
Awake, arise, shake off polluting clay, }  
Burst from the tomb, and shine in endless day ; }  
And souls, long hid in Jesus, re-assume,  
Their mansions, late sad tenants of the tomb,  
Freed from all trace of earthly shame and guilt,  
Temples of glory, for His glory built ;  
Immortal—incorrupt—where, in content,  
They may attain their full developement.  
How chang'd from those frail tenements of woe  
In which they linger'd in the world below ;  
To which they clung, in which they lov'd to roam,  
How chang'd how all unlike, is now their home ;  
Perfect it is, from sin and death secure,  
No grief can shake it, and no guile allure ;  
Safely it rests beneath all-sheltering wing,  
Within the bosom of its God and King.

Oh! the rest is then—when, in bliss complete,  
The just in the clouds with their Saviour meet ;  
With accents of joy, and in glad surprise  
See new heavens, new earth, new skies arise ;  
With eyes of bewildered delight behold  
The seat of their King and her streets of gold ;  
Behold what no mortal hath ever seen,  
And go where no mortal hath ever been ;  
Where the jewels of God, each shining gem,  
Thy gates of pearl enter—Jerusalem,  
Thou city of God, the Throne of the Lamb,  
Of Jesus, Jehovah, the 'mighty I AM.  
There, O there, where the courts everlasting are trod,  
Is the rest that remains for the people of God.

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## ON THE

Not long had a midnight's requiem ceas'd  
The day but dawn'd of St. Patrick's feast ;  
Save some who their wakeful vigils kept,  
The multitude unconscious slept ;

Sudden, as struck by heaven, the ground  
Return'd a low and sullen sound ;  
As if heavy loads o'er its bosom pass'd,  
Or its face was swept by conflicting blast

An earthquake's shock  
Heav'd the mighty hills and the solid rock,  
Man trembled, and his trembling work seem'd rent  
With motion strange,  
As God's tremendous visitation went  
Its awful range.

Heaven's mercy spar'd the isle, the shock is o'er,  
And the vex'd earth is quiet as before ;  
But many at that wild and warning stroke,  
In wond'ring terror from their dreams awoke,  
And, awe-struck, pray'd,  
Of indignation and of wrath afraid :  
Many, howe'er unwont, at that dread hour  
To God drew near :  
Did any, scorning his Almighty power,  
His vengeance dare ?

Oh no !—Jehovah then his awful name  
Did loud assert, and every bosom tame ;  
Then, throughout nature, was his presence felt,  
And knees were bended that have seldom knelt :  
But he who clings,  
With faith un wav'ring to the King of Kings,  
Though earth's foundations shake, unmov'd shall  
stand,  
Steadfast and sure,  
'Midst crashing elements, by his right hand  
Upheld secure.

Think, sinner, if thy flesh in terror creeps,  
When God in momentary anger sweeps  
Th' astonish'd earth—Oh! do but contemplate  
Thy insupportable, o'erwhelming fate,  
If in foul rags you meet  
Your wrathful Maker on his judgment seat,

When he ariseth terribly to shake  
And overthrow  
The reeling world, and fiery vengeance take  
On every foe.

But ye who in your Saviour's love abide,  
And in the fount, by Jesus open'd wide  
For sin and for uncleanness, clear and bright,  
Have wash'd your stain'd and spotted garments  
white,

Look up on high,  
For know that your redemption draweth nigh ;  
Put on your glistening vestments and be glad ;  
Shine forth in purity,  
Ye shall in light, in fadeless lustre clad,  
Your Lord and Maker see.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE FRIENDS OF  
THE AUTHOR, ON THE DEATH OF  
THEIR CHILD.

Your child is gone—a with'ring blast  
Hath nipp'd the tender flower ;  
The Angel fell of Death hath pass'd,  
In his resistless power.

In the cold grave she is confin'd,  
Dust hath return'd to dust,  
But the frail mansion is resign'd,  
In certain hope and trust,

That when Archangel's trump shall sound  
Its summons loud and glad,  
It may in ranks redeem'd be found,  
In light and glory clad.

Mourn—for 'tis man's sad lot to weep ;  
Mourn—but to Jesus fly ;  
Your souls he will in patience keep,  
Your streaming eyelids dry.

What, though your cherish'd flower be dead,  
Cut down your rose-bud fair,  
'Tis but to heavenly garden fled,  
To ope and blossom there.

Remember when your tears are rife,  
Remember, nor rebel,  
That he who cut the thread of life,  
Must order all things well.

Think—'tis alone the mortal clay  
That cold and mould'ring lies ;  
The soul hath fled to Christ away,  
And in his bosom lies.

How safely, how securely there,  
It doth in peace repose ;  
Preserv'd by the Almighty care,  
Nor grief nor pain it knows.

Behold, from tombs asunder rent,  
The ransom'd bodies come ;  
See, it regains its tenement,  
Its everlasting home.

And soul and body made complete,  
Immortal and divine,  
Before Jehovah's mercy seat,  
Shall rob'd in glory shine.

Then may you both redeem'd by grace,  
 Life's griefs and trials o'er,  
 Again behold your lost one's face,  
 Meeting to part no more.

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A

CHRISTIAN SISTER'S EXPOSTULATION.

Ask me no more, dear sister ; cease  
 To urge what would destroy my peace ;  
 In vain, 'tis all in vain ;  
 I must not go along with you,  
 I cannot do as others do,  
 It would be grief and pain.

You bid me join in mirth and glee,  
 In midnight rout and revelry,  
 The ball, the dance, and song ;  
 But oh ! I should be out of place,  
 In scenes like these, and wear a face  
 Unfitted for such throng.

You'd have me list the flatt'rer's praise,  
Dress well and court admiring gaze,  
What harm in these, you say ;  
But sounds within would mar my mirth ;  
"Love not the world nor things of earth,"  
That quickly pass away.

You bid me shew becoming pride,  
And lowliness of heart deride,  
As something poor and mean ;  
But oh ! I find in God's own Word,  
The very name of pride abhorr'd,  
By Him the great Unseen.

You bid me shew a spirit high,  
A lofty bearing—and decry  
The patiently oppress'd ;  
But oh ! I hear the Lord of all  
The persecuted happy call—  
The poor in spirit bless'd.

You wish me to be rich and great,  
Court equipage, and show, and state,  
Earth's treasures frail and weak ;  
But these are not the treasures rare,  
The pearl of precious price so dear,  
Which Jesus bids me seek.

Then cease, dear sister, cease to strive  
For that I dare not, cannot give—

My present peace of mind :  
To say thee nay with pain is fraught,  
It grieves me to deny thee ought,  
I would not be unkind.

But oh ! there is a power above  
Draws stronger than a sister's love,  
Or e'en a parent's hand ;  
The shame and cross he bids me take,  
And all and every thing forsake,  
At his supreme command.

Not oft he thus his people tries,  
Not oft demands such sacrifice ;  
But rather bids them share  
Each other's joy, or grief, or pain,  
And, bound by strong affection's chain,  
Each other's burdens bear.

Believe me, sister dear, believe,  
The heart of man cannot conceive,  
The rapture of his breast,  
Who, in the Lord Jehovah's might,  
Walks here by faith, and not by sight,  
To his eternal rest.

Oh ! how would my poor heart rejoice,  
If thou wouldst hear the warning voice  
Of Him, the God of grace ;  
That we, as one, might tread life's way,  
Together watch, together pray,  
Together seek his face.

A safe and pleasant path they tread,  
Who are by Jesus taught and led,  
Howe'er may roar life's blast ;  
Though storms arise on every side,  
They safely shall the storms abide,  
And anchor safe at last.

At every pore my heart would bleed,  
To follow where the world would lead,  
'Twould mar all hopes of bliss :  
Bid me all other things resign ;  
They're thine, dear sister, freely thine,  
Ask any thing but this.

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## THE TRUE ISRAELITE'S LAMENT.

Gloomy and sad is the prospect before us,  
 The Lord of our strength goes not forth with our  
     hosts,  
 No longer the beams of his mercy shine o'er us,  
 And the stranger exults, and the infidel boasts.

No longer the pillar of cloud is around us,  
 By night we no more see the pillar of fire ;  
 The face that so often with gladness hath crown'd us,  
 Now enshrouded with wrath, consumes us in ire.

The arm of the Lord which in Egypt was rais'd,  
 His people to rescue, his chosen to save,  
 Which with wonders and death her children amaz'd,  
 And whelm'd her proud king and his hosts in the  
     wave.

The might of the Lord, by which once we prevail'd,  
 The sweep of his sword and the blast of his breath,  
 'Fore which the array of proud Amalek quail'd,  
 And th' host of Sennacherib lay wasted in death ;

Before which the strength of the heathen was nought,  
 Though fierce in their anger, in haughtiness bold,

For the Lord God of Hosts for his heritage fought,  
And the Shepherd of Israel then guarded his fold ;

Which struck down the Canaanite nations in wrath,  
And melted the hearts of their princes with fear ;  
Which levell'd proud Jericho's walls to the earth,  
And bade the sun stand in his mid-day career.—

These, children of Abraham, these glories were thine,  
To guard you in danger, deliverance to bring ;  
These, these, land of Judah, were tokens divine,  
That God, the I AM, was thy Saviour and King !

No oracle now from 'neath Cherubin's wings,  
Its answer for guidance, in mercy returns,  
But dread o'er the bravest her pallidness flings,  
Whilst the incense, unblest, in the censer scarce  
burns.

The priests stand dismay'd—dark forebodings prevail,  
As the people in terror the issue await ;  
And our daughters of beauty disconsolate wail,  
As mournfully weeping they sit in the gate.

No more our glad tribes to the courts of their God  
Go up with their songs of rejoicing and praise ;  
But turn to where once he in glory abode,  
And, with eyes fill'd with tears, but distantly gaze.

Destruction stalks wide through the desolate land,  
Fierce discord, and tumult, and trouble, and  
fear ;

Our brave ones are turn'd to a womanish band,  
Our women to statues of hopeless despair.

Ichabod ! Ichabod ! our glory is gone ;  
Departed our greatness, for God is not here ;  
No leader, no prophet, to marshal us on,  
No voice like a trumpet, our spirits to cheer.

Ichabod ! Ichabod ! low fallen are we,  
Once the people of God, and of Abraham born ;  
No visions, save visions of sorrow, we see,  
Whilst the heathen deride, and laugh us to scorn.

Ichabod ! Ichabod ! woe, terrible woe,  
The day of rebuke and of frantic dismay ;  
The hill of our Sion profan'd by a foe,  
Our beautiful city to heathen a prey.

We have sinn'd, we have sinn'd, and forsaken the  
Lord,  
Forsaken the Holy One, mighty to save ;  
We have sinn'd, we have sinn'd, 'gainst the light of  
his word,  
The precepts he taught, the commandments he  
gave.

We have sinn'd, we have sinn'd, and with madness and  
pride

'The land of our fathers with idols defil'd ;  
And deaf to the voice which so warningly cried,  
Have sins upon sins like a hecatomb pil'd.

'Tis for these that the weapon of wrath is prepar'd,  
That our eyesight is darken'd, and troubled our  
soul ;  
These have whetted the sword, for the rebels that  
dar'd  
To mock at his counsels, refuse his control.

Lament and bewail—Sons of Israel, weep ;  
In sackcloth and ashes your vileness deplore ;  
In tears, maid of Judah, thy loveliness steep,  
The Lord of thy bosom is freeman no more.

Unstring the sweet harps, for the sunshine is clouded ;  
No strain, save of sorrow, befitteth thee now ;  
The light of thy beauty in darkness is shrouded,  
The heathen bears rule, to thy heathen lord bow.

To the winds the deep charm of thy dark tresses cast,  
Wring thy hands in dismay, and of father-land  
rave :

Poor exile ! on Salem's bright walls gaze thy last,  
In a heathen soil now must be digged thy grave.

O God of our fathers! arise in thy strength,  
We have sinned, but thou art for ever the same ;  
God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, at length  
Arise, lest the heathen profane thy great Name.

Strike down the proud boasters who daringly scoff,  
And, wagging their tongues, in foul blasphemies  
rave ;  
Oh! cast not thy people, Lord, utterly off,  
Lest they say in their hearts—"See, their God  
cannot save."

Return, O our God, nor for ever be wrath ;  
The cup of thy fury, Lord, let us not drink ;  
Remember thy mercies of old—and the oath  
Thou swar'st in thy truth—of thy covenant think.

Turn again, turn again, Lord God of Hosts, turn ;  
Thy Salem, thy Sion, are waste with the sword ;  
Revisit thy people, that nations may learn,  
Thou only art God, the Omnipotent Lord.

Peace—peace—Thou, O God, wilt revisit in grace,  
Unfaithfulness cannot inhabit with Thee ;  
We shall yet give Thee thanks for the joy of thy face,  
And with shouts the salvation of Israel see.

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## THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

With icy cold hand death upon me hath press'd,  
 And the sojourner goes to the place of his rest ;  
 The hours of his pilgrimage draw swift to a close,  
 And the morning soon dawns of his blissful repose.

Thy house, O my soul, totters, ready to fall,  
 Thick sable-wing'd darkness makes ready her pall ;  
 The waters of Jordan—fierce, threat'ning, and strong,  
 Before me, in terror, roll booming along.

But the gloom is dispersing—a day hath begun,  
 Which pales with its lustre the light of the sun ;  
 The waters divide, and a highway I see,  
 Which the ark of the covenant opens for me.

Farewell ! O thou earth, still majestic and grand,  
 Still lovely in ruins thy lineaments stand :  
 Farewell ! forms of beauty—rock, mountain, and  
                   plain,  
 To thy soft rolling waters, thy dark heaving main.

Thou wert dear, as enraptur'd I gaz'd on each charm,  
 Both in sunshine and moonlight, in storm or in calm ;  
 But a kingdom so precious in vision appears,  
 This world seems to me but a valley of tears.

Farewell to my country, her fields and her woods,  
The sweep of her mountains, the gush of her floods ;  
Farewell to the home which in loveliness smil'd,  
Where centred affections all sorrow beguil'd.

Ye were dear to my heart, how cherish'd and dear !  
Sweet landmarks ye stood 'midst the wilds of despair ;  
But to scenes far dearer, far brighter, I flee,  
There, there, is the home and the country for me.

Farewell ! sun and moon, to the azure ye cleave ;  
To morning's sweet prime and the splendours of eve ;  
To the chariot-clouds, as like giants they fly ;  
To Jehovah's bright gems, as they sparkle on high.

Ye were dear, as in deep contemplation I gaz'd,  
And my thoughts up from nature to nature's God  
rais'd ;  
But a light so resplendent hath burst on my sight,  
All else seem'd but sunk in the shadows of night.

Farewell to the dear ones that wound round my heart,  
From the circle belov'd I am bid to depart ;  
But the sweet buds of love that there flourish'd and  
grew,  
May bloom fadeless in heaven—adieu, friends, adieu.

For a hand that ye see not now beckons me on,  
A voice that ye hear not now bids me be gone ;

The Spirit and Bride say—haste, come, spirit come,  
We're waiting impatient to welcome thee home.

O thou earth, then, farewell, and welcome the skies ;  
Plume thy wings, O my soul, rise, upwards still rise ;  
Set thy gaze on the regions of light and of day,  
Swiftly speed, like the eagle renew'd, on thy way.

Bid adieu to thy pains, to thy labouring breath ;  
Leave behind thee the clay-house of sorrow and death ;  
A mansion of glory awaiteth thee now,  
And leaves of the life-tree shall circle thy brow.

Poor pilgrim of Jesus, thy labours are done,  
Thy battle well foughten, the victory won ;  
Unfetter'd, to heaven, enfranchis'd soul soar,  
The clog of the flesh shall impede thee no more.

E'en now is my spirit her homeward flight taking ;  
E'en now on my vision strange glories are breaking ;  
The veil is uplifted, my Saviour I see,  
And the beams of his mercy shine sweetly on me.

Incorruption all hail ! Hail raiment of white !  
Immortality hail ! Hail fountain of light !  
Land of joy, thou art welcome !—Hail, blissful abode !  
Eternity welcome !—rest and peace with my God.

---

*The Lord our God is a great God—His faithfulness  
abideth for ever.*

God from eternity thou art,  
To all eternity the same ;  
No tongue can utter, thought impart,  
Thine incommunicable name.

Great self-existing God—all things  
Subsist—sole uncreate—by thee ;  
The Lord of Lords, the King of Kings,  
Cloth'd in excelling majesty.

The firmamental heavens on high,  
The glorious suns that lustrous shine,  
The worlds of worlds that gem the sky,  
All, all, my glorious God, are thine.

Thine, every thing that breathes—from man  
To the poor atom specks that crawl ;  
Thy comprehensive glances scan,  
Thou mad'st and thou sustain'd them all.

Made for thy pleasure, Lord, they were,  
They came at thy supreme command ;  
And all may vanish into air,  
At wave of thine Almighty hand.

Thou canst create and recreate,  
Dissolve, and reunite again ;  
Construct, remould, annihilate,  
But thou for ever dost remain.

The great unchang'd, unchangeable,  
The infinite without decay ;  
Who can thy secret wonders tell,  
Who follow on thy trackless way ?

Thou dost remain, and with Thee, Lord,  
In measureless perfection 'bide—  
Thy truth, thy faithfulness, thy word,  
In which thy people, Lord, confide ;

On which they rest with hopes assur'd,  
On which their mansions sure they build ;  
In holy confidence matur'd,  
With holy expectations fill'd.

And who shall harm them ? Who shall dare  
To stop their work or bar their road ?  
What arm profane attempt to tear  
The children from their Father-God ?

Creator, Lord, by whom alone  
We live and move, and being took ;  
From thy eternal lofty throne,  
In mercy on thy creatures look.

More might, more might—that in that might  
We, else unfitted for such strife,  
May, in thy strength, maintain the fight,  
That gains the crown of endless life.

More light, more light—that in that light,  
We truth—thy naked truth—may see,  
In gospel radiance clear and bright ;  
And be all light, O God, in Thee.

---

## THE CHRISTIAN'S BATTLE SONG.

People of God, arise, arise,  
 Slumber no more, the spirit cries ;  
 On high the gospel banner floats,  
 Loudly peal forth the gospel notes ;  
 The sound goes forth to every land,  
 Stand to your arms, Christ's chosen, stand ;  
 Our Captain aloud on his people calls,  
 Plant your serried ranks around Sion's walls.

Soldiers of Christ, awake, awake,  
 The Spirit's sword in your right hand take ;  
 Rush to God's sacred armoury,  
 Encase yourselves in its panoply ;  
 Your arms with shield of faith be brac'd,  
 Your feet with gospel sandals grac'd ;  
 Let your brows the helm of salvation press,  
 And gird on the breastplate of righteousness.

Up, and begird the city round,  
 Up, and defend the hallow'd ground ;  
 Up, and with faithful hearts oppose,  
 Hell's dark array, Christ's vengeful foes ;

Him whom you love, the God you serve,  
With strength will arm, with courage nerve ;  
The feeblest knees he will arm with might,  
The feeblest hands he will teach to fight.

March on—march on—your war-cry be  
The crown of immortality ;  
On let the glorious phalanx move,  
Concentrated by grace and love ;  
Strike for your Saviour King—nor yield  
One single inch of the battle field ;  
No single gem of that heavenly crown :  
Down on the foe accurst—bear down, bear down.

On, on, and Christ's standard unfurl ;  
Back, back, stern defiances hurl ;  
Though Satan himself, wide and far  
Hell's army arrays for the war ;  
Though sin, and the legions of sin,  
Lead the battle, the strife, and the din ;  
And death—terror's king—in silence and gloom,  
The rearward brings up with the bands of the  
tomb.

Put on, put on, the armour of proof,  
Woe to the craven that stands aloof,  
When pride exults and foul lust impels,  
When fraud creeps on, and loud discord yells ;

When th' passions range their maddening files,  
When Molech is up—and Mammon beguiles;  
And superstition rears her form obscure,  
And error treads on truth with feet impure.

Strike home, strike home, no parley give,  
Who falls, shall rise; who dies, shall live;  
O'er them his wings of life are spread,  
Who trod the serpent's recreant head;  
Who gain'd o'er sin the victory,  
On blood-stain'd field of Calvary;  
And death subdued and his reign accurst,  
As he rose, and the tomb's dark portals burst.

Press on, press on, they cannot stand,  
Great is our King, and strong his hand;  
Ride on, ride on, O Lord Most High,  
Gird on thy sword upon thy thigh;  
Thy foeman bruise with iron rod,  
Break them like pots, O mighty God;  
Ride on triumphantly, Emmanuel, ride,  
And teach thy saints to combat at thy side.

Up, see the God of salvation arise,  
In glory he comes as he rendeth the skies;  
His angels are with Him, his right arm is bare,  
His lightnings consume them, his thund'rings  
scare;

From the blast of his mouth they wither and fly,  
Shout, warriors shout, your redemption is nigh ;  
'The Lamb, with his blood, hath your ransom  
    obtain'd,  
The Lord God of Hosts hath the victory gain'd.

Ride on, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, in thy  
    glory,  
The hosts of the wicked are melting before Thee;  
Thou hast open'd our prisons, dispelled our fears,  
Our fetters unloos'd that were moisten'd with  
    tears ;  
From the darkness of death, from the bondage of  
    hell,  
In the light of thy face we for ever shall dwell ;  
Hosanna, hosanna, far away cast your chains :  
Hallelujah—the Lord God Omnipotent reigns.

---

*“Whoever is ashamed of me and my word, of him  
will the Son of Man be ashamed.”*

Asham'd of Thee, most gracious Lord,  
Asham'd of Thee, and of thy word—  
Say, guilty soul, how can it be  
Thou dar'st this vast impiety?  
Canst thou, in pride of heart, disdain  
Thy risen Lord, the Lamb once slain?  
Wilt thou refuse, from recreant fear,  
Thy Saviour on thy lips to bear?

Asham'd, my Saviour King, of Thee,  
The Lord who bought and ransom'd me,  
Who, in my place, and in my stead,  
Bow'd on the blood-stain'd cross his head;  
And burst the sore enfett'ring chains,  
That held me doom'd to endless pains?—  
The very thought is grief and woe,  
Making mine eyes with tears o'erflow.

Of Thee ? Who laid thy glory down,  
 And put aside thy kingly crown ?  
 Who, veil'd in poor humanity,  
 Suffer'd such bloody agony,  
 Vile spittings, stripes, the scornful jest,  
 The nail-torn feet, the spear-pierc'd breast ;  
 The crown of thorns—Ah me ! ah me !  
 And can I be asham'd of Thee ?

Ashamed of Thee ?—my Lord—what ! I,  
 A thing of guilt, condemn'd to die ;  
 Frail worm, by other worms beguil'd ;  
 Frail child of time, by earth defil'd ?—  
 Of Thee ? the Son eternal, sent  
 By Father, God Omnipotent ;  
 Jesus, the Son of God and Man ;  
 The Lamb fore-doom'd ere worlds began.—

The very thought awakes my fear,  
 The very sound offends mine ear ;  
 But oh ! my soul, how oft dost thou  
 Before the world submissive bow ;  
 From smile, or taunt, or scoffer shrink,  
 Fearing what men may do or think ?  
 Whilst Jesus trembles on thy tongue,  
 As if to name his name were wrong.

How oft, alas ! refuse to bear  
 His cross, and his offence to share ;

With pliant feet and doubtful mien,  
Now God's, now Mammon's servant seem ;  
With faltering voice or mute distress,  
The gospel tremblingly profess ;  
And doubtful stand, as one estrang'd,  
When in the ranks of Jesus rang'd.

O foolish heart, why thus afraid ?  
By man and things of time dismay'd ?  
Why to thy King thus faithless prove,  
O thou of little faith and love ?—  
Forgive me, O my Lord, forgive,  
Grant me new life that I may live ;  
The life that time and death defies,  
And dies not when the body dies.

My lagging spirit, Lord, inspire,  
Warm my dull soul with heavenly fire ;  
Renew my courage by thy might,  
Plume my weak wing for bolder flight :  
Such zeal within my bosom wake,  
That I may bold confession make,  
And dauntless to the world proclaim,  
Exultingly, thy glorious name—

Proclaim with whom I take my stand,  
Though persecution raise her hand ;  
Though wicked men and deadly foes,  
Though Satan, earth, and hell oppose ;

Throw down the christian battle gage,  
And war exterminating wage,  
Which, ceaseless here, in heaven shall cease,  
And end in everlasting peace.

---

## THE CHRISTIAN'S PLEA.

Wretched, naked, lost, and blind,  
Forlorn, defenceless, Lord am I ;  
Shield, Saviour, merciful and kind,  
Christ Jesus shield me or I die.

My sins have taken hold of me,  
Like floods they rise above my head ;  
They cleave to me like leprosy,  
Or plague-struck body of the dead.

The loathsome brood in fierce array  
Before my troubled vision rise ;  
They throng my steps, they bar my way,  
I see their forms, I hear their cries.

As nightmare on my soul they sit,  
As mountain dense on mountain pil'd ;  
They sink me in a darksome pit,  
With horror fill'd, with mire defil'd.

They drag me 'fore a Judge of doom,  
Whose righteous arm brooks no controul,  
And there the swarm pestiferous come,  
Each one a witness 'gainst my soul.

Guilty, oh ! guilty, Lord of all,  
No need of witness to appear ;  
Before Thee, self-condemn'd I fall,  
The witness in myself I bear.

I have deserv'd thy judgments sore,  
I have but one, one only plea,  
That thy dear Son my sorrows bore,  
That Christ my Saviour died for me.

Avert, O Lord, that look of dread,  
Thy sword, avenging Justice, hide ;  
Behold o'er me his wings are spread,  
Thou wilt not pierce me through his side.

---

## THE DYING CHILD TO HER MOTHER.

In vain, dear mother, all is vain,  
 Death will not be beguil'd ;  
 I may not long with thee remain.  
 Give up to God thy child.

Cease thy fond labours, mother, cease,  
 I may not linger here ;  
 Bid thy poor sufferer go in peace,  
 To seek a happier sphere.

I long this falling house to leave,  
 House of mortality ;  
 Nay, do not, gentle mother, grieve,  
 Be comforted for me.

The lamb must quit thy tender breast,  
 Summon'd by heavenly King ;  
 Thy bird must leave that downy nest,  
 And spread its feeble wing.

But for his lambs Christ Jesus cares,  
 Their cries his pity move ;  
 On eagle wings of grace he bears  
 The objects of his love.

Yield up thy rose-bud, gladly yield,  
It cannot open here ;  
It wants a warmer, sunnier field,  
A purer, brighter air.

Give up thy lily to his hand,  
Earth's storms have laid it low ;  
It needs transplanting to a land,  
Where balmy zephyrs blow.

Thy lov'd and cherish'd pearl resign  
To God of endless grace ;  
It wants the workman's hand divine  
To fit it for its place.

Mother, sweet mother, I must die,  
But let not this alarm ;  
Within Christ's bosom I shall lie,  
Enfolded by his arm.

Think, as you close my darken'd eyes,  
For ever clos'd to day ;  
My spirit, through the opening skies,  
Is speeding on its way.

Think, as the coffin lid you close,  
And shut me from your sight,  
My soul no gloom or darkness knows,  
In realms of cloudless light.

My body sow in parent earth,  
Give dust again to dust ;  
Secure of second glorious birth,  
At rising of the just.

Kiss me, dear mother, ere I sink  
In Jordan's gloomy tide ;  
Fear not for me—for at the brink  
Jesus is at my side.

In hope assur'd again, I know,  
I shall my mother see ;  
Christ, whilst thou lingerest here below,  
Be daughter, all, to thee.

---

## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

O Lord, my soul is sick with dread,  
With trembling fill'd and wild amaze ;  
Shame and confusion bow my head,  
As at the awful past I gaze.

It grieves my sadden'd heart to think,  
How long, my God, estrang'd from Thee,  
I stood upon perdition's brink,  
And for my life forgot to flee.

The pit was dug, the snare was laid,  
On seeming fair, but treach'rous ground ;  
Satan his subtle offerings made,  
And snares of darkness clos'd me round.

With lustful haste I seiz'd the bait,  
With eagerness the poison drank ;  
And, reckless of impending fate,  
In lethargy profound I sank.

Thy warnings unregarded fell,  
I scorn'd the threaten'd tempest's blast ;  
Upon my spirit was a spell,  
That round my soul its foldings cast.

What voice the living dead awoke ?  
What power dissolv'd this fatal spell ?  
Whose arm the snare and pit-fall broke,  
And snatch'd me from the jaws of hell ?

Thine, thine, alone, my God, I know ;  
From Thee salvation, Lord, I trace ;  
And all its precious blessings owe  
To thine own free and sovereign grace.

Man, in thine eye's foreseeing sweep,  
Thou saw'st condemn'd before Thee stand ;  
And love and grace, in councils deep,  
Redemption and salvation plann'd.

The mighty work alone was thine,  
Nor men nor angels bore a part ;  
Nothing could save but power divine,  
Nought else could purify the heart.

Like bark by winds contending toss'd,  
Trembling and hope my bosom sway ;  
My soul in wild amazement lost,  
As I the work of love survey.

Afflicting thoughts my mind distress—  
Was this deliverance wrought for me ?—  
When, my distracted soul to bless,  
The Spirit whisper'd—"Come and see."

My Lord, my God, enough is seen,  
Oh! blind me not with view too bright;  
Oh! Christ, with covering mantle screen,  
From scenes too pure for mortal sight.

My Lord, my God, I know Thee now,  
The only Lord, supremely good;  
My head at Jesu's feet I bow,  
Bedew'd and sprinkled with his blood.

I long thy heavenly courts to tread,  
Thy righteous ways I long to trace;  
To rise from dark corruption's bed,  
And sing thy praises face to face.

The sins I hate that 'fore me pass  
In dread array—their curse I mourn;  
They, from my soul bereav'd, alas!  
Thy glorious image, Lord, have torn.

I would no more thy Spirit grieve,  
Nor wander from thy righteous way;  
I would no more my Shepherd leave,  
And go in pathless tracks astray.

When shall I from earth's confines spring,  
Death vanquish, and his fetters rend;  
And spreading wide my gladsome wing,  
To Jesus my dear Lord ascend?

When shall I join the victor's shout ;  
Securely reach thy blest abode ?  
My trembling heart and flesh cry out,  
For Thee, my God, the living God.

Oh ! were the dove's swift pinions mine,  
I'd speed my flight, and never cease,  
Till, safe arriv'd in realms divine,  
I clos'd them in eternal peace.—

Stay, stay, impatient soul, be still ;  
Thou must the Lord's good pleasure wait ;  
Submit thee to his righteous will,  
He only knows thy best estate.

'Tis here thou must for heaven prepare,  
'Tis here that, in Jehovah's might,  
Thou must, with diligence and care,  
'Gainst death, and sin, and Satan fight.

Lord, I submit to thy controul,  
I would with tears thy feet bedew ;  
And pray that in my inmost soul,  
Thou wouldst thine image lost renew.

Upon my heart new-born impress  
Thy sacred law, thy truth, thy word,  
(Records of love and holiness,)  
And it sufficeth me, my Lord.

Then shall thy child rejoicing go,  
Pilgrim of faith, and hope, and love ;  
Abiding patiently below,  
Till summon'd to thy courts above.

---

## O LORD INCREASE OUR FAITH.

Increase our faith—deign, Lord, to hear,  
For Jesu's sake, the fervent prayer,  
Until its first faint glimmering ray  
Burst forth into meridian day.

Increase our faith, that we may know  
All things are vanity below ;  
And by the Holy Spirit taught,  
Esteem the world a thing of nought.

Increase our faith, that we within  
May feel our guilt, and loathe our sin ;  
And, trembling, gladly rise, and flee  
To Christ's cross, rais'd on Calvary.

Increase our faith, that we may there,  
With humble confidence draw near ;  
And wash away each guilty stain,  
In the Lamb's blood for sinners slain.

Increase our faith, that we may lean  
On Rock of Ages, though unseen,  
And treading paths our Saviour trod ;  
Hold converse with our Father-God.

Increase our faith, that we may yield  
(Securely cover'd with the shield)  
No place to Satan's subtle arts,  
But quench thereon his fiery darts.

Increase our faith, that we may see  
The crown of immortality ;  
And forward stretch to gain the prize,  
With urgent speed and straining eyes.

Increase our faith, that we may dread  
" The grave as little as our bed ;"  
And contemplate death's final strife  
As opening but the gates of life.

---

## HOPE, THAT MAKETH NOT ASHAMED.

Blest christian hope, steadfast and sure,  
 The anchor of the soul,  
 That dost life's storm-toss'd bark secure,  
 When troubled waters roll.

Blest hope, which cheers the murkiest gloom,  
 Which from faith's bosom springs,  
 And at the portals of the tomb,  
 Prepares her heaven-bound wings.

Hope to the weary pilgrim's sight  
 Opens transporting views,  
 And, like an eagle plum'd for flight,  
 His wasted strength renews.

What are life's joys, by Thee unblest :—  
 Each one a transient spark,  
 Lit for a moment in the breast,  
 To make the void more dark.

Can death's cold gloomy vale of night  
 His breast with terrors fill,  
 Who sees hope's beacon flaming bright,  
 Lit upon Sion's hill ?

To deck the victor's brow, hope weaves  
A wreath of peerless price,  
Form'd by the healing life-tree's leaves,  
Pluck'd fresh from Paradise.

What made the tortur'd martyr's bed  
To him a bed of down ?  
But hope, which wav'd above his head  
An everlasting crown.

What made St. Paul—"I'm ready," cry,  
"To be an offering made ?"  
But that he saw prepar'd on high  
Glories which cannot fade.

All earthly hopes must pass away,  
Mere baseless fabrics prove,  
But heavenly hope knows no decay,  
Till lost in joys above.

Come Hope, thou precious gift of heaven,  
Thy soothing balm instil ;  
Come, hope, by Jesu's mercy given,  
And all our bosoms fill :  
By hope like this be all our souls inflam'd,  
The heaven-born hope that maketh not asham'd.

---

THERE WAS GRIEF ON EARTH, BUT

THERE WAS JOY IN HEAVEN.

There was grief on earth, for a fair young form,  
 Had been nipp'd by the blast of the with'ring storm;  
 Pitiless death had arisen in power,  
 And quickly had faded the opening flower;  
 Yet gently, as griev'd, he had dealt the stroke,  
 And the silver cords of her being broke;  
 Silent and void was the mansion made,  
 But lovely in ruin the lily laid,  
 As the spirit seem'd still to be hovering near,  
 And a smile softly slept on those features so fair.

There was grief on earth, and a wailing sound,  
 For brothers and sisters stood weeping round;  
 And father and mother in anguish shed  
 Hot tears, as they gaz'd on the sleeping dead;  
 They thought on the charm of her winning ways,  
 On the jocund smile of her sunny days;  
 They thought on the glance of her sparkling eye;  
 And now, alas! they had seen her die;  
 And nature, uncheck'd, in her plenitude reign'd,  
 And the gush of the feelings could not be restrain'd.

There was joy in heaven ! For a ransom'd soul  
Had just been released from its house of dole ;  
The burden of sin it shall know no more,  
Life's cares and the conflict with death is o'er ;  
Angels, expectant, had watch'd for its flight,  
And welcom'd, with joy, its advent to light ;  
To regions of bliss they bore it along,  
To softly-breath'd strains and seraphin's song ;  
Nor stay'd till the courts everlasting were trod,  
And the glad spirit rested in Christ with its God.

There was joy in heaven ! For a stone of grace  
Had come to be fix'd in its destin'd place ;  
And there in the temple of God to shine,  
A jewel made up by his work divine :  
There was joy, there was joy, as heavenly choirs,  
To songs of thanksgiving, attun'd their lyres,  
And hymning the great, the adorable Name,  
Of Jesus, the Lamb, his glory proclaim ;  
Whilst the concaves of heav'n responsively rung,  
And the Hosts of the Lord in full harmony sung.

Poor man wept sore as he follow'd the bier,  
For the light of his eyes lay darken'd there ;  
But oh ! there was joy in the mansions above,  
For a sister had come to the home of her love ;  
Sad sighs, from poor mortals bereav'd, arose,  
As the grave prepar'd on its prey to close ;

But gladness there was that cannot be told,  
 As the sweet lamb enter'd the heavenly fold :  
 The sons of men wept, from the lov'd one to sever,  
 The sons of God sung, for they gain'd her for ever.

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## THE FATHER'S CONVERSATION WITH HIS CHILD.

CHILD.

And dost thou tell me, father dear,  
 That all things now so bright and fair,  
 The trees, the flowers, the meadows green,  
 My garden gay, be no more seen ;  
 That all things that I love must fade,  
 And be within the cold grave laid ;  
 That thou, dear father, mother, I,  
 Brothers and sisters, all must die ;  
 That sun and moon, and stars so bright,  
 Must darken'd be, and give no light ?  
 And must all fade that now we see,  
 O tell me, now, how can this be ?

PARENT.

'Tis true, dear child, most true indeed,  
And to the solemn truth give heed ;  
Rightly its warning voice to know,  
Will save thee many a bitter woe ;  
Leading thy mind to contemplate  
Thy present, and thy future state :  
Yes, all thou seest must soon decay,  
'The heavens and earth shall pass away.

CHILD.

And whither go they, father, pray,  
When, as thou say'st, they pass away ?

PARENT.

They pass to Him, the God of all,  
Before whose throne you often fall ;  
They merge in Him from whom they came,  
One God, unchangeably the same :  
Each atom his behest awaits,  
Who makes, dissolves, and recreates ;  
For He, the Holy, Just, and True,  
Hath said—I will make all things new ;  
And those who sleep in Christ shall rise,  
Together with the new-made skies ;

With bodies glorious, fair to see,  
 Cloth'd on with immortality ;  
 As thou wert early taught, my child,  
 In God's word holy, undefil'd.

CHILD.

Then all things undergo a change  
 And re-appear ?—'tis very strange.  
 I somewhat comprehend—but now  
 How can this be ?—O tell me how.

PARENT.

Man knoweth not, and cannot know,  
 God hath declar'd that this is so ;  
 Invested with Almighty powers,  
 His thoughts, his ways, are not like ours.  
 The operations of his hand  
 We see, but may not understand ;  
 His footsteps every where we trace,  
 But yet he veils his sacred face ;  
 In mercy veils, from mortal sight,  
 The dazzling blaze of cloudless light.  
 Howe'er presumptuous, bold and vain,  
 None can such depths of wisdom gain ;  
 But bind this truth thine heart around,  
 God true hath been, and will be found ;

Though all things else are fleeting seen,  
 Or be as they had never been,  
 His word and truth remain secure ;  
 The unconsumeable and pure.  
 But though such heights we cannot climb,  
 Or soar to regions so sublime,  
 Yet here, some tokens we may see,  
 Of how these wondrous things may be.  
 The gorgeous plant thou lov'st so well,  
 Came from a seed scarce visible ;  
 A thing of beauty and of bloom,  
 Arisen from its darksome tomb ;  
 For many a cold and wintry day  
 Forgotten in the ground it lay ;  
 But not unseen by God of light,  
 Nor lost, though vanish'd out of sight ;  
 At th' first touch of spring it rose,  
 Awaken'd from its long repose :  
 How different from the form it bore,  
 How chang'd from what it was before.—

Who would have thought, when northern blast  
 Her icy chain o'er earth had cast ;  
 When deep snow lay as cov'ring shroud,  
 And howling tempest rag'd aloud ;  
 When leafless forests mournful sigh'd,  
 And nature seem'd as she had died—  
 Of summer, and its pleasant time,  
 Of eve's soft shade and morn's sweet prime ;

Of the garb awaken'd nature wears,  
 Of the flowers her gentle bosom bears ;  
 Of the balmy air, the gentle breeze,  
 The laughing fields and waving trees :  
 Who would have thought of her altered state,  
 Who would have thought of a change so great ?

CHILD.

So then, we shall again arise,  
 Like seed that but in seeming dies ;  
 Lay, like sweet nature's treasures, hid,  
 Awhile, beneath the coffin lid ;  
 Then in new form and vigour shine,  
 Kept and transform'd by hand divine—  
 Say on, my father, ever kind,  
 Sweetly thou dost inform my mind.

PARENT.

And I remember well, dear boy,  
 Thy exclamation wild of joy,  
 As thou didst mark, with sparkling eye,  
 The chrysalis become a fly ;  
 See the poor prison'd insect break  
 Its shell, and other being take ;  
 Perfect, at once prepar'd to run  
 Its course, beneath the summer sun,

As bursting from its fett'ring mould,  
And spreading wide its wings of gold,  
Few moments in the air it sports,  
Short time the od'rous zephyr courts,  
Then flies to fragrant flowers, and sips  
Sweet nectar from their honied lips.  
Thou couldst not doubt the transform strange  
Thine eyes beheld the wondrous change ;  
But who can of the wherefore speak ?  
Who this dark seal of mystery break ?  
Not one of all the sons of earth  
Can tell the causes for such birth ;  
As little can they bring to view  
Of worms transform'd, as worlds made new ;  
He only on whom all depends,  
Who made, sustains, controuls, defends ;  
Who made them by supreme command,  
Before whose awful gaze they stand,  
Who filleth all things with his power,  
Made systems as he made a flower ;  
He, only he, All-wise, can teach  
Secrets which man can never reach.  
Some mighty, some impending fate,  
All things in heaven and earth await ;  
This nature, now so changeful, owns  
Creation for deliverance groans ;  
But he alone, the mighty Lord,  
Can work these wonders by his word ;

With changeless robes of glory dress  
 What now is but imperfectness.  
 He, only he, the Lord Most High,  
 Can raise his saints and glorify ;  
 To them eternal mansions give,  
 That they with him may ever live.

## CHILD.

How happy, father, should I be,  
 My Saviour and my God to see ;  
 Thus chang'd from what I was before,  
 And know no sin nor sorrow more.  
 'Twould be a blessed thing indeed,  
 In pastures of his love to feed ;  
 Tell me, dear father, may I dare  
 To hope—his lamb—to pasture there.

## PARENT.

Yes, dearest child, thou may'st indeed,  
 Hope there to pasture and to feed,  
 If thou wilt in his love abide,  
 Who for thee bled, and for thee died :  
 He open'd out a fountain pure,  
 He made a pathway firm and sure,  
 By which all might to him ascend,  
 Their God, their Saviour, and their Friend.

But thou must give thine heart to God,  
Tread as his children ever trod ;  
Nor world, nor friends, however dear,  
Must with thy love to God compare ;  
If call'd on thou must them resign,  
God gave them, and they are not thine ;  
This life a pilgrimage esteem,  
Thyself a sinful pilgrim deem ;  
For God's most Holy Spirit pray,  
To teach, instruct, and guide thy way ;  
Till love opes wide the heavenly door,  
And lands thee safe on Canaan's shore,  
Where, with the holy and the blest,  
Thou shalt enjoy eternal rest.

CHILD.

Pray for me, father, that I may  
Be all you wish, do all you say.  
Once more, kind father, answer me,  
Shall I again my sister see,  
For whom such bitter tears I shed,  
For whom so long I droop'd my head ;  
So early from my bosom torn,  
For whom I mourn'd, whom still I mourn ?  
The lost one shall I there embrace,  
Hear her sweet voice, and see her face ?

## PARENT.

God grant thou may'st, my gentle boy ;  
 And may I share with thee the joy ;  
 May God to us a Father prove,  
 And draw us all by cords of love,  
 Until in heavenly courts we stand,  
 A family at his right hand.

But see, the sun is getting low,  
 Give me one kiss, and let us go :  
 Look where thy mother comes to meet,  
 With laughing brother, sisters sweet—  
 Haste, it is time the doves to feed,  
 Thy care the hungry rabbits need ;  
 Thy sisters want much help to rear  
 Their bow'r of clust'ring roses fair ;  
 And flowers, now drooping in their beds,  
 Ask water to erect their heads—  
 Haste, but whate'er thou dost fulfil,  
 Remember God is with thee still ;  
 Thou canst not 'scape his searching eye,  
 Thou canst not from his presence fly :  
 May God Almighty grant thee grace,  
 With watchfulness to run thy race.

## CHILD.

And grant me to remember all  
 The words that from my father fall ;

Sweet joy and wisdom they impart,  
And oh! thy blessing warms my heart :  
Soon, soon again, of Jesus speak,  
And teach me how my God to seek,  
That I may walk the happy road  
That leads a little child to God.

---

## A SUMMER'S-DAY RAMBLE.

Wake, dearest friend ! Morn blushes—her charms  
The dew-drop courts, cool zephyr embalms ;  
Her beams are giving us promise fair,  
Of a day propitious, warm, and clear :  
Wake, let us God in his works adore,  
See nature rob'd from his boundless store ;  
His hand of love through her regions trace,  
In sweet surprize at his deeds of grace :  
Awake, O awake, to the new-born day,  
The caroling birds chide longer delay.

Come to the garden thou lov'st so well,  
Where Flora herself delights to dwell ;

The spring is o'er and her flowers are past,  
But a thousand more are opening fast ;  
Their verdure the gladden'd trees resume,  
And load the air with a rich perfume ;  
Roses and lilies burst forth to view,  
And the eye is charm'd with their varied hue ;  
Methinks they all sing, and they seem to say,  
How thankful we are for this summer's day.

O come with me to the meadows green,  
To fields with their hedge-rows wild between ;  
How glad they look—they are living sure  
On the sunbeam's smile, and the zephyrs pure ;  
The corn-fields wave like a gentle sea,  
Nature profusely enrobes the lea ;  
Beasts of the field in luxury graze ;  
Birds of the air are singing their lays ;  
The plough-boy is whistling—all seem to say  
How nicely we live on a sunny day.

Away with me to the woodland glade,  
Or the forest's wild majestic shade ;  
And there, on soft mossy bank reclin'd,  
The cushat list and the sighing wind ;  
Or observe the old oaks' shatter'd forms  
That have brav'd, unmov'd, a thousand storms ;  
Or mark where the ash and the stately elm,  
Like giants, the humbler trees o'erwhelm :

I hear them speak, and methinks they say,  
What a glorious time for our heads of grey.

Follow me now, when the mid-day gleams,  
To the river's brink or shady streams,  
Where the waters glide, and their gentle bound  
Gives back a most sweet and soothing sound ;  
Mark scaly broods as they ceaseless play,  
And the wild fowl sailing on their way ;  
See the speckled trout, or the salmon shy,  
Spring with a leap at the fated fly :  
All, all, are in motion, and seem to say,  
We'll make the most of this beautiful day.

Now let's to the mountain tops away,  
Nor longer in sultry regions stray ;  
For there, amid scenes divinely fair,  
We'll quaff with delight a purer air ;  
See mountains and rocks together pil'd,  
So varied and grand, so lone and wild ;  
The goats observe as the crags they climb,  
Or the eagle's flight, as he soars sublime ;  
And with feelings of joy hear all things say,  
'Tis good to be here on a sunny day.

Or hie with me 'mid the sultry hours,  
To shady trees, or the fragrant bowers,  
There seated 'midst perfume, drowsily,  
List to the drone of the humming bee ;

The butterfly watch, and active fly,  
Or swallow tribes as they sport on high ;  
And there repose till the evening come,  
Then saunter through winding pathways home ;  
And with thankful hearts, lift our voice and say,  
We've pass'd in contentment a festal day.

Then let us as shadows of night come on,  
And the stars are peeping one by one,  
Hold converse, sweetly contemplative,  
Of our God, by whom we move and live ;  
Of the wondrous works, the mighty mind,  
Of the All-beneficent and kind ;  
Him let us praise ere our pillows we press,  
Address him with songs and with thankfulness ;  
In adoration bow, and humbly pray,  
His grace to keep us, and to guide alway.

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A CHRISTIAN COMPARED TO AN  
IMPRISONED BIRD.

As a poor bird which cage confines,  
In notes of doleful anguish pines,  
Droops its sad wings and hangs its head,  
Refusing to be comforted ;  
So mourns my soul, O Lord, for thee,  
Encag'd in sad humanity.

How, at the thoughts of wood and grove,  
Of lov'd companions, nest of love,  
It beats, in impotent despair,  
The bars that hold it prison'd there ;  
So spurns my soul, at thoughts of thee,  
The bars of its captivity.

How oft, when summer breezes play,  
At placid eve or peep of day ;  
Or when the lark careers on high,  
It longs to spread its wings and fly ;  
So longs my soul, O Lord, to flee  
From earth, and wing its flight to thee.

How when oppress'd by fingers rude,  
Or left in gloomy solitude,  
When darkness reigns, and 'rest of home,  
The lone one shrinks, with dread o'ercome ;  
So hangs my sinking soul on thee,  
In times of sorrow, tremblingly.

But oh ! how calmly sinks to rest,  
That bird by mercy's hand caress'd,  
Upon her bosom softly laid,  
Fed by her hand, no more afraid ;  
So doth my soul, how tenderly,  
Repose itself, sustain'd by thee.

How doth that tender bird rejoice,  
At accents of her gentle voice,  
Which tells that soon, its sorrows o'er,  
It shall be free, and weep no more ;  
So hangs my waiting soul on thee,  
Proclaiming coming liberty.

Again it laves in waters bright,  
And feeds to make it strong for flight ;  
Pluming afresh its golden wings,  
And, as if free already, sings ;  
So joys my soul, prepar'd by thee,  
For journey of eternity.

The hope its mates once more to meet,  
To sing with them in concert sweet ;  
A home of love once more to gain,  
Dries all its tears, embalms its pain ;  
So be my soul upheld by thee,  
With hopes of immortality.

Of thee be all my thoughts by day,  
Whilst in this prison-house of clay ;  
Of thee, when day withdraws her beams,  
My meditations and my dreams ;  
Set, Lord, at last, thy captive free,  
And bid his soul rejoice in thee.

Oh ! set him free, and bid him soar  
To where all tongues thy name adore ;  
Where he, undazzled, may behold  
Thy city with her streets of gold ;  
And sing thy praise, and dwell with thee,  
In thy glad courts, eternally.

Oh ! set me free — Cease, cease, thy woes,  
And on thy Saviour's love repose,  
Thy wailings have the Master mov'd,  
Be comforted, thou art belov'd ;  
Thou shalt thy own Emmanuel see ;  
The Lord thy God shall comfort thee.

## THE MOURNER COMFORTED.

As in sin's death-like trance I lay,  
 Uncheer'd by any quick'ning ray,  
 I thought in mine own strength to rise,  
 But sunk—fast bound by earthly ties.

Oppress'd and maim'd, afflicted sore,  
 With leprous foulness cover'd o'er,  
 On fleshly arm I tried to cling—  
 That arm could not deliverance bring.

To heaven I look'd in my distress,  
 But there I saw a holiness,  
 So blazing bright, so dazzling pure,  
 No child of Adam might endure.

Before me yawn'd the hideous grave,  
 And still no arm was stretch'd to save;  
 But hell op'd wide her flaming jaws,  
 For breaker of God's holy laws.

---

Mourn, mourn, my soul, utter thy sad complaint,  
 Can I not take away thy leprous taint?

No offerings make, no sacrifices give,  
That I may see my Maker's face and live ?

Flow on my tears—but tears are all in vain,  
There still remains the soul-polluting stain ;  
Is there no healing balm in Gilead found,  
To soothe the anguish of the rankling wound ?

A balm is found—A name in heaven is nam'd,  
A Saviour, Jesus, from on high proclaim'd ;  
He came to do his Father's will, and laid  
On him were all our sins—the plague is stay'd.

Sinner, lament—'Twas thy guilt dealt the blow,  
Caus'd thy dear Lord unutterable woe ;  
Weep, sinner, weep, for bleeding—dying—see  
The Rock of endless Ages, cleft for thee.

---

CONSOLATION FOR A CHRISTIAN IN  
SICKNESS.

When thy pale form to earth is bent,  
In weakness sunk, or rack'd with pain ;  
And the frail earthly tenement  
Lies in the pelting wind and rain—

When the poor soul, with fear oppress'd,  
Dwells in its house of clay with dread,  
And scarcely finds a moment's rest,  
Or in the heart or in the head.

When inward foes, that soul to sink,  
So fierce assault thou scarce canst pray ;  
Or anguish leaves scarce time to think,  
Or what to do or what to say—

Then to the Lord thy God apply,  
On him thy sole reliance be ;  
To Jesus thy Redeemer cry—  
Oh ! Christ, my King, deliver me.

Will he refuse that cry to hear,  
     Forsake and leave his child alone ?  
 Can he reject faith's lowly prayer,  
     Can God, the Just and Holy One ?—

Fear not, the cry may faintly rise,  
     The prayer may weak and feeble be ;  
 The look may from the wav'ring eyes  
     Be upward cast in misery.—

Each cry, each prayer, each look ascends  
     Through him who all thy sorrows bore ;  
 Jesus from heaven in pity bends,  
     And thither takes the offerings poor.

Or should the enemies suggest  
     Suspicious dark, hard thoughts of God ;  
 Or whisper to the troubled breast,  
     That cruel is his chast'ning rod ;

Then say—and bid the tempter hence,  
     Nor let the fiend an entrance gain ;  
 I know the miry pit from whence,  
     By grace and favour, I was ta'en.

Full well I know the quarry deep,  
     The shapeless rock of which I came ;  
 He who hath digg'd and hewn will keep ;  
     For ever blessed be his name.

He purifies each miry taint,  
He fits and polishes each stone ;  
I know he answers my complaint,  
Albeit by ways to me unknown.

Have mercy, Lord, for thou art good,  
Have mercy, Lord, thy will be done !  
Behold me wash'd and cleans'd with blood  
Of him who hath salvation won !

---

### A CALL TO CHRISTIANS.

Poor babes in Jesus, by a God most just  
Of guilt convicted, humbled in the dust,  
As of your lost estate convinc'd ye mourn,  
Bearing a load too heavy to be borne ;  
As at the foot of Calvary's cross ye lay,  
Your bosoms rung with anguish and dismay ;  
Poor babes, whose midnight couch is wet with tears,  
Whose daily walk is compass'd round by fears,  
Fear not, the bitterness of death is past ;  
Look up, and see a dawning light at last ;

Look up, look up, the suppliant prayer begin—  
Save us, O God, from Satan and from sin.

Prisoners of hope, from bonds accurs'd set free,  
Inhale again the breath of liberty ;  
No more the iron eats into your soul,  
What can the transport of your hearts controul?—  
Gird up your loins, glad pilgrims of the cross,  
Commence your journey, count not on the loss ;  
Put on your sandals, take your staff in hand,  
Ye are but strangers in a stranger-land ;  
Boldly confront the barren waste, that lies  
A present barrier to the future skies ;  
And as your way to Sion's heights ye win,  
War, to the death, with Satan and with sin.

Soldiers of Christ, encas'd in armour bright,  
By him embattled, and arrang'd for fight,  
Look to your Captain, close up to his side,  
He quells the foe and turns the battle's tide ;  
The sword his strong right arm resistless wields,  
Bears down opposing ranks, his people shields ;  
March on, and valiantly the combat wage,  
Dread not the alien host, the foeman's rage ;  
With valiant breast a noble fight maintain,  
Short is the strife, eternal is the gain ;  
Be this your war-cry, 'bove the battle's din,  
War, to the knife, with Satan and with sin.

Saints of the Lord, who, by the Spirit taught,  
Follow'd the Lamb, and for his kingdom fought ;  
As pressing onwards in the foremost rank,  
As by the way ye living waters drank ;  
With strength renew'd, plung'd headlong in the strife,  
The victory won, and gain'd eternal life ;  
Hark to the trump that bids all conflict cease,  
The voice proclaiming everlasting peace ;  
Hark to the dulcet notes resounding far,  
Of those, who sing the glories of the war ;  
Hark to the Spirit answ'ring yours within—  
Ye are redeemed from Satan and from sin.

---

## THE CHRISTIAN'S EXPOSTULATION.

They say I'm chang'd, and be it so,  
They say I'm abject, mean and low,  
At this shall I repine ?  
I would not be as I have been,  
I would not see as I have seen,  
Though thousand worlds were mine.

They bid me plume again my wing,  
And joy, and dance, and laugh, and sing,  
    As I was wont before ;  
But ah ! how little can they tell  
The joys that now my bosom swell,  
    And make all others poor.

Come, join the festive board to-day,  
For once cast all thy cares away,  
    Come, do as others do :  
Ah no ! I cannot be your guest,  
I should but mar or spoil your feast,  
    Having no mind thereto.

Well then, at least, be not so sad,  
In sombre robes for ever clad ;  
    Be merry—'tis no sin :  
I may be sad in outward show,  
But ye mistake, and cannot know,  
    The peace that reigns within.

Mistake me not, nor think I pine,  
Because I quaff no more the wine,  
    Or join the boisterous mirth ;  
Nor think me sad because I sigh,  
Or heedless pass unnotic'd by,  
    The fleeting flowers of earth.

Ye greatly err, if ye suppose  
No rapture in my bosom glows,  
    No happy hours beguile ;  
Joy may in serious garb appear,  
And mis'ry oft joy's semblance wear ;  
    A breaking heart may smile.

Men of the world themselves deceive ;  
They dream—and crowds the lie believe—  
    Their cup of bliss o'erflows ;  
They may to pleasure make pretence,  
But happiness, in truest sense,  
    No slave of Mammon knows.

Man may me madman, dotard deem,  
But still I am not what I seem,  
    Who can the bosom scan ?  
For there are griefs and joys, I wot,  
With which the stranger meddleth not,  
    Things of the inner man.

There is no path, all things attest,  
Of earthly or of heavenly rest,  
    Save that the saints have trod ;  
There is in such a world as this  
No bliss, but hopes of heavenly bliss ;  
    No peace, but peace with God.

---

## THE CHRISTIAN'S CONSOLATION.

O how rich the consolation,  
 Jesus to his follower gives,  
 Who in perfect resignation,  
 A life of faith unshaken lives.

Nought can of peace his soul beguile,  
 For Christ is all his happiness ;  
 The world may frown, if Jesus smile,  
 And men may curse, if Jesus bless.

Bright gems of earthly make may fade,  
 He has than them a pearl more rare ;  
 Lov'd friends in mouldering tombs be laid,  
 He has than them a friend more dear.

Father and mother false may prove,  
 And friendship nothing but a name ;  
 But he whose very name is Love,  
 For ever was and is the same.

---

Should vile detraction on thee pour,  
 Ingratitude thy love requite ;

Cold friends, with heads averted, lower,  
Falsehood thy fairest prospects blight :

Should sore distress weigh down the head,  
Anguish bow down the tottering frame,  
Sickness prepare the lowly bed,  
Sorrow her deadliest weapons aim ;

Be not dismay'd—thy Saviour cries,  
Thou heavy laden look to me ;  
Thou may'st be low, but thou shalt rise,  
Cast down, but not forsaken be.

And though thou seem'st of all bereft,  
Largely thou shalt of all partake ;  
And when to friendless sickness left,  
Thy bed I'll sanctify and make.

---

Should tempests roar on every side,  
Let nothing shake thy confidence ;  
In God's tried faithfulness abide,  
Doubt not divine omnipotence.

When lying fiends dark doubts suggest,  
And thy vex'd soul is tempest-toss'd ;  
When Satan sits upon thy breast,  
And falsely whispers—all is lost ;

Courage, good soldier, onward press,  
The poor unworthy lie reject ;  
A present help in thy distress,  
Thy God beholds, and will protect.

Nought can suffice to separate  
Him, who in loving reverence clings,  
To God, the wise, the good, the great,  
The everlasting King of Kings.

---

What, though fell death his shaft prepares,  
Sad havoc in thy home to make ;  
What, though his ghastly form he rears,  
Thy lov'd ones from thine arms to take ;

What, though thy wife or child should die,  
Thy gentle friend or brother dear ;  
They will but go to realms on high,  
To live and shine for ever there.

Fear not, look up, thy Saviour reigns,  
Who hath despoil'd the noisome grave ;  
He hears thy cry, he sees thy pains,  
And waits to succour and to save.

Shout, christian, shout, victoriously,  
As thy departure draweth near ;

The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,  
And thou shalt in his triumph share.

---

Mourn, christian, give thy sorrows scope,  
But still thy soul in patience keep ;  
Mourn not as one bereft of hope,  
And weep not as the wordlings weep.

God's mercy speeds, his wrath moves slow,  
In love he doth thy soul alarm ;  
He strikes, but as he deals the blow,  
Pours on the rankling wound a balm.

Affliction oft repentance brings,  
Exerts a holy influence ;  
Weaning our earth-bound hearts from things  
Of worthless, fleeting time and sense.

A godly sorrow worketh peace,  
For 'tis the blessed chastening rod,  
Which bears rich fruit of great increase,  
And leads the humbled heart to God.

---

To bind the hearts that broken feel,  
Sweeten the bitter cup of woe,

The venom'd shaft of grief to heal,  
Christ's plenteous streams of mercy flow.

In childhood, youth, or failing age,  
His lov'd ones shall be surely kept ;  
Their bitter tears he will assuage,  
Who shed them freely—' Jesus wept.'

Life's storm may lift her highest wave,  
Life's tempest howl her bitterest blasts ;  
But he who ever lives to save,  
Oil on the troubled water casts.

Soon will life's pilgrimage be o'er,  
The restless sea of life be past ;  
And where none grieve or injure more,  
They shall be harbour'd safe at last.

---

Child of grief and tribulation,  
Patiently thy burdens bear,  
There is left thee consolation,  
God's own word, and praise, and prayer.

There is left thee joy and gladness,  
None but those in Christ can tell,  
Springing up in heart of sadness,  
Like a bubbling, living well.

One there is who will not leave thee,  
Till he close thy darken'd eyes ;  
One there is who will receive thee,  
To his mansions in the skies.

Christian, sleep—the storm is roaring ;  
Waters dark o'erwhelm thee quite :  
Christian, wake—for thou art soaring  
To the endless realms of light.

---

## THE SINNER SAVED.

A hateful leprosy oppress'd my soul,  
Nought could the anguish of its pain appease ;  
No single part in all my frame was whole,  
For all was tainted with the sore disease.

As leper by his loathsome taint o'erwhelm'd,  
Shunn'd by mankind, left friendless to expire,  
I stood, by God forsaken and condemn'd,  
Mark of his vengeance and his righteous ire.

Oh ! woe is me, I cried, in wild alarm,  
Can none deliver—nothing set me free ?  
When my distracted, sinking soul to calm,  
A minist'ring angel whisper'd—"Come and see."

---

Instant, methought, above a crowd,  
Which throng'd me round with railing cry,  
Was heard a voice proclaiming loud,  
Bring forth the wretch condemn'd to die.

Trembling I came, and, dismal sight !  
Around me clos'd a fiery flood ;  
Before me, terrible in might,  
With lightning arm'd, th' Avenger stood.

With with'ring look and tone severe,  
With strong right arm already bar'd,  
He cried—Thou rebel worm, prepare  
To meet the doom thy pride hath dar'd.

On high his glitt'ring weapon leapt,  
It flash'd above his awful head ;  
And as in swift descent it swept,  
My eyes were clos'd in mortal dread.

Down, down, I sunk, with mournful cries,  
Oppress'd with quiv'ring agony :

'Twas pass'd—and when I op'd my eyes,  
I gaz'd on mournful Calvary.

I dar'd to look, and found I knelt  
Where there had been a victim slain ;  
And on my burning brow I felt  
Soft falling drops, that sooth'd my pain.

I rais'd my eyes with shudd'ring awe,  
The fiery lake, the sword were gone ;  
And in their place a cross I saw,  
And a pale bleeding form thereon.

The cross whereto the limbs were nail'd,  
Was crimson-dyed with clotted gore ;  
His visage sad, now ghastly pal'd,  
The recent marks of suff'ring bore.

His mangled brow, benignly sweet,  
Was circled by a thorny crown ;  
Pierc'd were his side, his hands, his feet,  
From which the blood yet trickled down.

Lifeless the precious casket hung,  
The head was bow'd, the soul had fled ;  
O'er all grim death his mantle flung.  
In gloomy triumph o'er the dead.

---

I ask'd, convulsively, the name  
Of him who hung upon the tree ;  
When from within an answer came,  
Christ Jesus, and he died for thee.

His love could not thy wretched fate  
Behold unmov'd—he could not bear  
To see thy lost, forlorn estate ;  
Thy hopeless, helpless, mute despair.

He flew thy naked head to shade,  
He stood thy shrinking form to hide ;  
And the Avenger's piercing blade,  
Was buried in his bleeding side.

Fear not, thou worm, nor be dismay'd ;  
Poor trembler, from the earth arise ;  
Thy penalty is fully paid ;  
Behold the perfect sacrifice.

For thee he bore the cross and shame,  
For thee that crown of thorns he wore ;  
From him alone deliverance came ;  
Depart, my son, and sin no more.

---

My Lord, my God, and is it so ?  
And did I thus deliverance gain ?

Didst thou, for me, thy rebel foe,  
This bitter cup of misery drain ?

How can I rise or upward stand,  
Whilst this sad spectacle appears ?  
O let me clasp that sacred hand,  
And wash those bruised feet with tears.—

All further utterance was denied,  
Emotions deep my steps impel ;  
Fainting, that cross to clasp I tried,  
And at its foot exhausted fell.

A quiet, soothing rest there stole  
On my worn senses suddenly ;  
And when I next possess'd my soul,  
I walk'd with Christ in Bethany.

I knew him by that look of grace,  
That brow of thoughtfulness and care ;  
I knew him by each deep scarr'd trace,  
Made by the cruel nails and spear.

I heard him give his last command,  
So full of love and tenderness ;  
It seem'd as though I felt his hand  
Upon my throbbing temples press.

I heard him bless, and, as he bless'd,  
Heaven's chariot-clouds of radiant light,  
Swift to his place of glorious rest,  
Convey'd him from his people's sight.

And as we all transported gaz'd,  
An angel came with golden wing—  
Why look ye up as sore amaz'd ?  
Jesus is now in heaven your King,

Your Intercessor, Priest, and Friend,  
Until as Judge the world to doom,  
As ye have seen him now ascend,  
He shall in state descending come.

No more his Holy Spirit grieve,  
Thine heart, thine all, to Jesus give ;  
Repent, be contrite, and believe,  
And thou with him shalt ever live.

---

The blessed vision vanish'd from my view,  
But left me—O how chang'd in heart and will ;  
A pilgrim glad I travell'd regions new,  
Prisoner of hope, although a prisoner still.

All pass'd away—but oh ! how chang'd I rose ;  
My terrors vanish, and my tremblings cease ;

I that had long been stranger to repose,  
Now gently sunk to calm and holy peace.

To thee, my God, I would devote my days,  
Lord grant the unction of thy saving grace ;  
May thy good Spirit guide aright my ways,  
And thy blest image in my soul replace.

Before thy throne in thankfulness I fall,  
With earnest cries my supplications make ;  
Into thy gracious favour, Lord of all,  
Be pleas'd my body, spirit, soul to take.

---

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Away with fear, the path we trace  
Was made by love, is kept by grace,  
And leads to peace and rest ;  
None can block up the heavenly road,  
It is the highway of our God,  
The safest and the best.

It is a glorious sight to see  
Glad pilgrims for eternity  
    Meekly their way pursue ;  
Onwards their willing steps are bent,  
Forward their longing eyes are sent,  
    To catch the bright'ning view.

Their hearts by Holy Spirit led,  
Their souls with heavenly manna fed,  
    Despise life's glitt'ring toys ;  
And travelling through this vale of sin,  
They count all lost, so they may win  
    The crown of endless joys.

Christ, their sure refuge and their rock,  
Is Shepherd of the wand'ring flock ;  
    And with constraining love  
He guards by night, he feeds by day,  
Cheering them on their toilsome way,  
    And beckons them above.

Ah me ! how beauteous to behold  
The members of Christ's mystic fold  
    Press onwards one by one ;  
But still more glorious 'tis to see  
Christians, in blest community,  
    Cheering each other on.

Christ does to them his love reveal,  
They hear his voice, and know, and feel,  
His goodness largely flows ;  
Blessings abundant they receive,  
They praise his name, and glad believe  
No bounds his mercy knows.

Will they forsake the blessed way,  
Love him no more, and go astray  
In paths of death and strife ?—  
Lord, whither ?—They are thine, thine own,  
Where shall they go ? Thou hast alone  
Words of eternal life.

There is no name in earth or heaven,  
None else to sinful mortals given,  
Than thine own glorious name ;  
Teach us all others to abjure,  
And rest on thee, the Rock secure,  
From whom salvation came.

With cords of love thy people bind,  
Renew thine image in their mind,  
That they may seek to be  
Found with the dead in Christ, who rise  
To meet their Saviour in the skies,  
And all his glories see.

Found with thy saints who bliss attain,  
And with thee live and with thee reign,  
Till all, opposing, fall ;  
When clos'd the final judgment-day,  
The heav'ns and earth shall pass away,  
And God be all in all.

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ON WITNESSING  
A CHRISTIAN, DIVINELY SUPPORTED,  
POSSESSING HIS SOUL IN PEACE, UNDER THE  
MOST AFFLICTING DISPENSATIONS OF HIS  
HEAVENLY FATHER.

What is the secret of thy peace of soul,  
Thou son of man, begirt around with ills  
Of such strange magnitude and pressing weight ;  
Which look'd prepar'd to overwhelm and crush  
Feeble mortality ? How, when each seem'd  
A load by far too heavy to be borne,

Couldst thou endure, without a murmuring cry,  
The accumulated load?—What power was thron'd  
Within the secret chambers of thy breast,  
Which gave thee strength unwonted, to sustain  
Adversity's rude shocks, and 'bide their rage,  
Like rock that hurls the foaming waters back,  
Which leap and foam, and lift their crested heads  
Against its batter'd and unshaken sides?—  
It was not strength of body—for thy frame  
Was ever fragile as a flower that bends,  
Shorn of its beauty, of its leaves bereft,  
Before the biting frost or cutting blast.  
'Thy walls of life—e'en from thy cradle-bed—  
Shook tremblingly; ill fitted to sustain  
The weight additional of years (how few)  
To man allotted as his portion here.  
The frame-work, rear'd by tenderest care alone,  
(Though sweet to look upon and passing fair)  
Was delicately moulded, and let in  
Each wind that roughly blew. How could it then  
'The furious floods of rain and storm abide?  
It was not strength of nerve—of iron nerve  
That meets the conflict as a giant arm'd;  
Gives stroke for stroke, and battles with the world.  
'This strength he had not, even in degree;  
His heart-strings all were tender, and attun'd  
To love and harmony, and gentle notes,  
Made up of concords written and arrang'd  
By mild-ey'd sympathy, in happiest hours

Of inspiration and impassion'd song :  
They ill could bear the shock and war of words,  
The clash of minds discordant, or the wail  
Or tears of sorrow, in their varied forms,  
As he, whose ear with soul of music fill'd,  
Could the harsh jar of grating sounds endure.  
It was not apathy, that heavy weight,  
Which sits like nightmare on a burden'd heart,  
Seals the mute lips, or folds the listless hands  
Of motionless despair, as if the flesh  
Were but a breathing monument of stone.  
'Twas not the loftiness of sullen pride,  
Brooding o'er fancied wrongs, or ills misdeem'd,  
Unjust, or undeserv'd, much less the bent  
Of thoughtless ignorance—the cold embrace  
Of dull indifference, senseless to all  
The sweet amenities of light and love ;  
Much less the haughty and self-flatt'ring mood  
Of stoical endurance, as she 'bides,  
With heart made callous, bosom bar'd for strokes,  
The furious pelting of the raging storm :—  
Ah no ! he keenly knew and keenly felt ;  
The mutt'ring thunder not unheeded growl'd,  
Not harmless fell the lightning's bolts on him.  
Nor was it strength and energy supplied  
By wild excitement, as with feverish force  
The blood it sent in tumult to the brain.  
Nor bold enthusiasm, as meteor like  
It flames awhile, on course erratic bound,

Sparkles in splendour, and becomes extinct :  
These could but stimulate with short-liv'd pow'r,  
Vigour unnatural, and his was not  
Of make so fragile, but about it had  
Substance enduring, so confirm'd and sure,  
Collected hills might shake, but not destroy  
The equilibrium just—or cause to swerve  
His heaven-supported, heaven-directed mind.  
Was it then caus'd, as far as might be, caus'd  
By human skill, and human art combin'd ?  
The thousand soft appliances of wealth,  
Purchas'd devices to amuse the mind,  
Anguish to soothe, or pluck the sting from pain ?  
May be the kindly voice of many friends,  
'The sweet endearments of domestic love,  
Affection's tender arm and wakeful eye,  
Smoothing his pillow, watching every look,  
Supplying wants, or calming fever'd brow,  
With sympathetic care. More like, perhaps,  
It was the intercourse of christian men,  
Their communings and prayers, applied the balm  
Which sunk into his soul, and heal'd its woes,  
Or mitigated anguish in the house,  
The fleshly house, of this his pilgrimage.  
No, none of these, not one, not one of all,  
For he was poor, and destitute of means :  
Few were his friends ; and those he most had lov'd  
Had early ta'en their flight to heaven, and left  
The wreck'd one clinging, sorely toss'd and bruise'd,

To a frail spar on life's tumultuous sea.  
But few came near, and those who sought his room  
In formal charity, or duty forc'd,  
After short greetings, common-place remarks,  
Soon left his pallet—glad to be releas'd  
From speech of him whose talk was not of earth,  
Nor of earth's trifles—themes, to them, unblest.  
Not that the lone one, friendless quite, was left  
To stranger hands and stranger charity,  
For there, sometimes, a christian brother knelt  
Beside his bed, and they together pray'd,  
Or held discourses sweet of things to come,  
Of Saviour's love and his eternal rest.  
It was not these—albeit, with thankful heart,  
He prais'd his God for granting them—that stay'd  
His soul, and kept it in a rest profound :  
His peace foundations had, too deeply laid,  
To be the sport of transient things of time,  
Or work of sons of men, however good—  
His was a peace too hallow'd, too divine,  
To be dependant on support so weak.  
It was not dug from ever-shifting sands,  
Or of materials form'd so base as these ;  
E'en at their best, uncertain ; and, alas !  
Oft found like friends of persecuted Job,  
All, all, most miserable comforters.

Thus oft I mus'd,  
Most ignorantly mus'd, my mind yet dark,  
As by the christian's bed of death I sat,

Brought there by friendship, or more like by grace,  
 And listen'd to his words, which fervently,  
 Though feebly, flow'd from bosom rack'd by pain,  
 Oppress'd by weakness, but o'erfraught with love—  
 Words which the quenchless spirit of the saint  
 Breath'd forth, of hope, and joy ; or told strange  
       tales

Of God's rich bounty, and a Saviour's love—  
 Mus'd, deeply mus'd, as I intently watch'd  
 His look of sweet serenity ; his brow  
 Cloudless and calm, his eye of brilliancy,  
 Flashing with light, a pure and hallow'd light,  
 That bore no token of the earthly glare  
 Of lustful passion, or the pride of heart—  
 Mus'd, deeply mus'd, as these contrasted were  
 With the shrunk form ; features that clearly spoke  
 Death nigh at hand ; the couch of poverty ;  
 The garret mean and comfortless ; the want,  
 Nigh total, of external aids, which soothe  
 Sickness, or pain, or death. By degrees I learnt  
 Sitting a patient watcher by his side,  
 Lore from his lips, most precious—hour by hour,  
 Of those (how few) that yet remain'd of life  
 To that poor sufferer—sufferer did I say ?—  
 But so in seeming ; for the hand unseen  
 Of holy Comforter made up his bed  
 Of down, that else had been, indeed,  
 Hard as a rock, or rough with piercing thorns !—  
 Yes, hour by hour—moments how sanctified !—

The wondrous riddle, long conceal'd, advanc'd  
To its solution. Intervening truth  
The pitchy masses of the mind confus'd  
Rang'd into order, and, array'd with light.  
From her all-searching mirror, flashing came  
Reflected glory, that soon roll'd away  
Th' obscuring darkness that enwrapt the soul ;  
As beams of morning, that at first but streak  
The tow'ring heads of mountains high and huge ;  
But by degrees the sun exulting mounts  
O'ertops their lofty pinnacles, and shews,  
Outstretching far and wide in glorious state,  
Their vast proportions, to his face reveal'd ;—  
So truth came on in majesty and power,  
Convey'd, resistless, to my wond'ring mind,  
By Holy Spirit, through the dying saint—  
Weak instrument, indeed—but ah ! how strong  
Arm'd by his presence, succour'd by his might :  
Slowly, at first, my proudful heart it mov'd,  
With gentle violence, as sad I gaz'd  
On him, my friend, I once had known, by all  
The courted and observ'd, now lowly sunk  
In earthly misery—yet heard from him  
No murmuring word, no querulous complaint.  
At each fresh interview fresh strength it gain'd ;  
Each word each gesture of the dying man,  
So full of unction and of heavenly hope,  
Clave down some portion of the fabric, rear'd  
By self-conceit, or thoughtless unbelief.

Whence comes this peace, I ask'd, for peace there is?  
It is not from without, for there, indeed,  
All speaks of fierce unmitigated strife :  
It must be from within—and they do lie,  
Deceivers all, who treat as fables weak  
The dread concernments of the inner man.  
Look on this picture, sceptics, look on this,  
And say if all your vaunted depth of ken  
Can reach the secret of a soul that burns  
Brighter and brighter as its house decays,  
And all conspires to sink and crush it down.

The hour approach'd the suffering man must die,  
And the glad soul, that long had been athirst  
For better scenes and more substantial joys,  
That long had spurn'd, as prison'd dove, its cage,  
Should burst its manacles, and soar away  
To the so long'd for and expected rest  
Of Saviour's bosom. Yes, the hour approach'd,  
The weary pilgrim must lay down his staff,  
Cast off his garments, and in fitting robes  
Enter into his Lord's eternal bliss.  
The stranger now must shortly gain his home,  
The heavenly courts, where heavenly Father dwells :  
No stranger there, but, welcome guest, he comes  
To banquet by Redeemer's love prepar'd.  
'Twas then, e'en then, at that most solemn hour,  
To him of glory, but to us of awe,  
Yet not that awe the quailing spirit, sinks,  
But fills with wonders which surprise and charm,

'Twas then that truth in mightiness display'd  
Her full proportions, her gigantic strength ;  
As with the sword of Holy Spirit arm'd,  
And holding loftily her mirror bright,  
With thousand dazzling and transfixing rays  
She burst opposing barriers, and compell'd  
The lookers-on, subdued, to own her sway,  
And, tremblingly, submit them to her rule.  
There stood in that mean chamber by his bed  
To watch his parting and to close his eyes  
Myself—by grace, I doubt not, thither brought ;  
A man of God, that oft, with kindred speech,  
With converse sweet, and mingled prayers, had  
cheer'd

His brother mortal in his mortal strife ;  
And she, the lonely widow, who had been,  
(Though poor herself and sorely press'd with ills)  
In place of mother, sister, wife to him ;  
Who had receiv'd, tended, and untir'd watch'd  
Him, the afflicted, who had nothing left  
Of earthly wealth, so coveted, to give,  
As some reward for care and love like hers :  
Not here, not here, shalt thou receive thine hire,  
Sister of charity—the world hath not  
Treasures sufficing—'tis in the world to come  
Jesus prepares exhaustless good for thee ;  
For each kind deed, each gentle word, his love  
Shall be in richest consolations pour'd,  
Endless beatitudes. E'en for each cup

Of water cool administer'd by thee  
To his poor saint, thy gracious God shall give  
Rivers of pleasure, oceans of delight.  
He was a stranger, thou didst take him in ;  
He was an hungered, thou didst give him food ;  
Thine aged arms did minister to him,  
Sick unto death—Thy works will follow thee,  
Daughter of Sion ; thy name on high  
Is register'd, and known in book of life.  
Silent we stood, in mute attention wrapt,  
To catch his words and mark his sparkling eye,  
As, arm'd by Spirit and upheld of God,  
He meekly bow'd before the tyrant king,  
Who now, with dart well-pois'd and giant strides,  
Advanc'd to claim his victim—well prepar'd  
To meet the ruthless spoiler, and to turn  
His sharp-edg'd weapon on the shield of faith.  
His was a settled peace—a peace which sprung  
From truthful confidence and love of God ;  
From hopes that sham'd not, views of future bliss,  
That form assum'd, and were not shadowy dreams.  
A settled calm was his, which had its rise  
In heart regenerate, from purest source,  
Joy of the Holy Ghost, the rapturous joy  
Of crying, Abba, with a loyal heart ;  
Thy will be done, with child-like, guileless trust,  
The unreserv'd simplicity of faith,  
On God relying, resting on his might.  
With holy energy he counter'd death ;

Not with bravado, pride, or reckless calm,  
Of blind fatuity of unbelief ;  
He bar'd his bosom for the fatal stroke,  
As one who knew that stroke would ope for him  
The gates eternal of eternal life.  
A holy rapture every feature lit ;  
The soul, expectant of a heaven-ward flight,  
Seem'd redolent with joyful hope, to fill,  
With sparkling brilliancy, its falling house,  
Which, for a moment nerv'd in pristine strength,  
To its deep communings free utterance gave,  
To voice, to aspirations high, sublime ;  
To words that burn'd, with sacred fire inflam'd.  
The foe, remorseless, aw'd, for some short space  
Backward recoil'd, as if he fear'd to wound  
A heart uplifted, hand uprais'd in prayer ;  
Or current stop, that flow'd so holily,  
With such sweet unction, such unwonted power.  
“ I know in whom I have believ'd—I know  
I shall my dear Redeemer see, where nought  
Can intervene between his love and me.  
Release me, death—thou hast no power to hold  
The captive long, within thy fatal grasp.”  
Weaker the body grew, stronger the soul  
As it stood pois'd on tip-toe for its flight.  
Death claim'd the one, and pierc'd it through and  
through,  
Though with averted face and stingless darts ;  
The living God the other claim'd, and kept

Steadfast, immoveable, quenchless, and secure,  
In poor mortality's most trying hour.  
The sin-polluted tabernacle must  
Go to the grave, there to abide its change ;  
The ransom'd soul can no corruption know ;  
Its sublimated essence, purified  
By blood of Jesus, must in him be found  
In calm tranquillity, awaiting there  
The consummation of its promis'd joys.  
The hand still pointed upwards ; the fixed eye  
Seem'd fill'd with heavenly visions ; and the voice  
Still triumph'd forth the praises of his Lord ;  
Still shouted victory, as suddenly  
The man expired, and the saint was free.

Was this, then, all delusion ?—Spoke the voice,  
Glisten'd the eye, tutor'd and mov'd alone  
By human passions—nerv'd by human strength ?  
Was the fine spirit, that but now so bold,  
Soar'd above terrors of approaching death,  
All animate with life, joyful in hope,  
To be next moment nothing ? Like a dog's  
Breath'd out, unconscious of or good or ill ?  
Oh no ! Deception is with those who deem  
Truth fiction, and eternity a dream :  
Darkness with those who have their end-all here  
In gloomy nothingness, cerberean night—  
Henceforth I will not entertain such thoughts,  
They are offensive, for my eyes have seen  
A good man die, a joyful christian end

His pilgrimage, and enter into rest.  
Ye can no more deceive, no more mislead,  
Unsatisfying shadows—In mercy  
God hath to me realities reveal'd ;  
And in the boundless future I can now  
Revel, and find a resting-place for thought ;  
Heights I can climb, and dazzling scenes explore,  
Which end not in vacuity ; or tempt  
The feet unstable to a gulf, whose mouth  
Admits but to an ocean of despair,  
Obscure and fathomless, which cannot rest,  
But the vex'd spirit darkens and confounds  
With pauseless heavings, unremitting roar.

We bore the death-claim'd mansion to the tomb,  
Sow'd it in dust, in sure and certain hope  
Of glorious resurrection—certain hope  
Of final triumph, on the final day  
Of restitution—changeless perfectness !  
When He, the resurrection and the life,  
To Sion comes, in glitt'ring pomp and state ;  
And with him brings, rais'd from their sleep of  
death,

Immortal, incorrupt, and glorified,  
The white-rob'd army of his ransom'd saints.—  
Few tears were shed, save those which freely flow'd  
From that poor widow, who so tenderly  
Had tended, watch'd, and lov'd him as her son ;  
Her heart was sore at loss of him, who had  
Her care repaid with blessing, and with speech

Which told of Jesus and his people's rest.  
My mind pre-occupied with burning thoughts,  
Forgot to move the heart to utter forth,  
By outlet of the eye, her gentle stream  
Of tributary tears—whilst vacantly  
The few bystanders on the coffin gaz'd,  
As on a picture that imported not;  
Quickly departing, as they left alone  
The unmov'd sexton to complete his task.

I wept not then, but since have often wept ;  
Not tears of misery, but more akin  
To rapture, as I thought, in musings deep,  
On the departure of that man of God,  
His death-bed and his grave—and when the world  
Would have deceiv'd me with its glitt'ring toys,  
Or Satan with his snares have caught my feet,  
Such contemplations, sanctified to me,  
Soon broke the snares by subtle tempter laid ;  
Soon still'd the storm that else had rent my soul ;  
And like refiner testing gold, brought forth,  
From crucible of truth, her precious gems,  
Freed from the dross and tinsel of the world.

Farewell ! thou man of God, farewell !  
By Saviour's grace and mercy, we shall meet  
Yet once again, in realms of blessedness,  
In sinless, deathless, tearless kingdom meet,  
Where our Emmanuel, our Messiah reigns ;  
And there, with all the tuneful choirs of heaven,  
The countless myriads of his ransom'd church,

Raise songs of triumph, songs of endless praise,  
To him who ever lives and ever reigns,  
The Lord of lords, the glorious King of kings.

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## HYMN.

## ON THE NATIVITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

Again we celebrate the happy morn,  
On which the Hope of all the world was born,  
When in the manger of a humble shed,  
The Lord of glory laid his sacred head.

To that low couch no kneeling crowds drew near,  
No earthly herald did his standard rear ;  
No human voice was worthy to proclaim  
The great Emmanuel's incarnate name.

But heaven rejoic'd at that amazing sight,  
Celestial glory lit the solemn night,  
In which God's holy messenger appear'd  
To watchful shepherds nigh, who greatly fear'd.

“Be not dismay’d, he said, I spread my wing,  
To all glad tidings of great joy to bring,  
In David’s city God this day accords  
The promis’d Saviour, Christ, the Lord of lords.”

He ceas’d, and, suddenly, with him a throng  
Of lustrous angels rais’d a lofty song ;  
Glory to God most high, they sung,—combin’d  
With peace on earth, and goodwill to mankind.

The vision pass’d, but the blest words remain,  
And Satan and his hosts conspire in vain  
To blot the record out with fiendish hand ;  
In vain—in God’s eternal word they stand.

Hear them, O earth, ye captive prisoners hear,  
Cast off your fetters and dismiss your fear ;  
Ye trembling sinners bid your terrors cease,  
God hath to all who mourn proclaimed peace.

Leap up, ye impotent—Rejoice, ye blind,  
Light, in the Lord of glory, ye shall find ;  
Ye poor and needy sue to him, the Just ;  
To him for help ye abject mourners trust.

Wake from your slumbers, ye that sleep, awake,  
Behold the powers of hell in terror shake ;  
Him who goes conquering forth to conquer see ;  
Shout, shout for joy, the captive world is free.

Arise, ye ransom'd saints ; break forth and sing,  
Your Sun hath dawn'd with healing in his wing,  
Transforming darkness in its onward flight,  
Into a full-orb'd blaze of heavenly light.

Ye timid flock of wandering sheep, behold  
The gracious Shepherd of the heavenly fold,  
Who gently leads, brings back the lost who stray,  
And in his bosom bears his lambs away.

Ye weary, come ; ye thirsty travellers, haste ;  
The fountain pure of living waters taste ;  
Cease, all ye longing, hungry souls, your strife,  
Freely partake the unbought bread of life.

To him, ye sick, afflicted souls appeal,  
The good Physician comes your woes to heal,  
Upon your rankling wounds he pours a balm,  
Converting anguish into halcyon calm.

To him, ye searchers of deep things apply ;  
To him, ye ignorant, for knowledge fly,  
He is for you made Wisdom, Strength, and Power ;  
The Wonderful, the mighty Counsellor.

Through him repose in hope, ye faithful dead—  
Your Resurrection, Life, and living Head,  
Writes in full triumph, o'er the vanquish'd grave,  
“ Death is the gate of life—I come to save.”

Now visits earth the Day-spring from on high,  
Redemption, long expected, draweth nigh ;  
Our High Priest comes to pour the precious flood  
Of all-atoning, reconciling blood.

Great pledge of love, stupendous gift of heaven,  
To us a Child is born, a Son is given ;  
Our own Messiah reigns, let all adore,  
And spread the wondrous news from shore to shore.

Hail ! Jesus, blessed Lamb of God, we raise  
Our feeble songs to thy triumphant praise ;  
To thee, our bodies, souls, and lives we bring,  
Great Prince of Peace, our Righteousness, our King.

Let loud hosannahs rise from all around,  
Let hallelujahs swell the solemn sound,  
Death is subdued, the enmity is slain,  
And man may favour with his God regain.

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Oh ! thou who in God's mighty plan,  
Predestin'd to deliver man,  
Abhorred not the virgin's womb,  
Nor shunn'd the cross, nor shunn'd the tomb,  
Accept our love, our praise, our prayer ;  
Hear, Prince of Peace, Emmanuel, hear !

Oh ! thou who wast enthron'd on high,  
Yet meekly laid thy glory by,  
And, sinless, didst our nature take,  
Our load of guilt to expiate ;  
Hear us, while we our guilt bewail ;  
Hail, Prince of Peace, Emmanuel, hail !

Oh ! gracious Lord ; oh ! holy Child,  
Saviour beneficent and mild ;  
With adoration, Lord, we trace,  
The wonders of redeeming grace,  
And to thy courts of love draw near ;  
Hear, Prince of Peace, Emmanuel, hear !

Thy wondrous love—in homage bow'd,  
We would with joy declare aloud ;  
That love which our salvation sought,  
That love which our redemption bought,  
So measureless it cannot fail ;  
Hail, Prince of Peace, Emmanuel, hail !

Let the whole earth with loud acclaim  
Set forth the Saviour's sacred name ;  
His praise and glory be your song,  
Be Jesus peal'd from every tongue ;  
Sing, ye redeem'd, ye ransom'd, sing  
Loud praises to our new-born King.

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## HYMN ON THE CRUCIFIXION.

Behold the cross is rais'd on high,  
On the dark field of Calvary,  
And Jesus hangs on cursed tree,  
A sin-polluted world to free.

Ye ransom'd sinners weep aloud,  
Your sin his sacred head hath bow'd ;  
Cease not in bitterness to wail,  
The guilt that drove each blood-stain'd nail.

What heavy weight, what burden sore,  
Of sorrows, woe, and grief he bore ;  
On him God's righteous judgments fall,  
He bears the iniquity of all.

From hands that all our foes withstood,  
From feet that ever toil'd for good,  
From stricken brow and thorn-crown'd head,  
Rich drops of sprinkling blood are shed.

Around the cross, to mock his woes,  
Stand crowds of fierce vindictive foes ;  
Whilst hellish bands in joy prepare,  
Their bitterest cup of malice there.

Surrounded by this evil host,  
With one loud cry he yields the ghost ;  
'Tis done, the Prince of Glory dies,  
Sin's offering made, and sacrifice.

From his pierc'd side there gushes forth  
A crimson tide of untold worth ;  
From this cleft Rock there flows the stream  
That can alone mankind redeem.

Prostrate on earth, bedew'd with gore,  
Thy Lord's amazing love adore,  
Canst thou, unmov'd, that body see,  
Broken and bruise'd, and pierc'd for thee ?

Canst thou behold the life-drops flow,  
Nor mourn thy sins that caus'd such woe ?  
Thankless, behold that visage marr'd,  
Thankless, that bleeding bosom scarr'd ?

Will not fresh grief thy sighs renew,  
Fresh tears thy sorrowing eyes bedew,  
As thou dost meditate upon  
Thy dying Lord—the Holy One ?

This wrath for sin had been thy doom,  
And thine the everlasting tomb  
Of death for sin, had he not died,  
And guilty sinners justified.

Turn to thy Lord and Saviour, turn,  
Dare not such great salvation spurn ;  
Go, wash thee in that cleansing tide,  
Go, hide thee in that bleeding side !

This thou shalt find a sure defence,  
Nought harms thee there—none plucks from  
thence

Those, who, from out the living dead,  
To sanctuary so pure have fled.

Haste, to that holy refuge, haste,  
No longer life's swift moments waste,  
With him, the merciful and kind,  
Thou canst alone salvation find.



O dying Lamb, O holy shrine,  
O offering spotless and divine ;  
Through thee, O gracious Lord, through thee,  
A Father reconcil'd we see.

We see the sword uplifted stay'd,  
We see the fearful ransom paid,  
Remov'd the curse, remov'd the frown,  
Revers'd the doom our guilt drew down.

Thy stripes our sore misdeeds have heal'd,  
Thy chastisement our pardon seal'd ;  
The writing that against us stood,  
Is blotted out by precious blood.

The temple's veil is rent, and now  
We may, in hope, before thee bow ;  
The golden sceptre out is held  
To us, so long from thee expell'd.

Trembling, O Lord, we stand aghast,  
At grace so strange, at love so vast ;  
Faith's eye, nigh blinded at the sight,  
Scarce bears such dazzling gush of light.

We would thy mercies celebrate,  
Thy dying love commemorate ;  
But ah ! how weak are words to tell,  
The thoughts that in our bosoms swell.

Faint are our hearts !—Our spirits raise  
To bear thy cross, to sing thy praise ;  
Teach us in lofty notes to soar,  
Teach us in silence to adore.

Jesus, to thee, our King and Friend  
May all our aspirations tend ;  
Look down from thine eternal throne,  
Take us, and make us all thine own.

Thine own redeem'd, so dearly bought,  
Thine own, directed, led, and taught ;  
Thine own on earth, thine own above,  
Thine own redeem'd by grace and love.

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## HYMN ON THE RESURRECTION.

The awful gloom that lately reign'd  
Was gone—the earth repos'd :  
But rent the temple's veil remain'd,  
The rifled graves unclos'd ;  
When from the cross, with care, was ta'en  
The body of the victim slain.

His sacred limbs, at night's dark fall,  
Were laid within the tomb ;  
The stone enclos'd its mouth—and all  
Was dark sepulchral gloom ;  
The bruised and lifeless human mould  
Laid, now death's victim, pale and cold.

Could the grave hold the sacred dead ?  
Its marble jaws retain  
The holy casket, whence had fled  
The soul, in bliss to reign ?  
That house, now dark, shall be illum'd,  
That life, laid down, must be resum'd.

The habitation quitted late  
The soul again must fill,  
God will its walls reanimate,  
By his own sovereign will ;  
In vain death darkly wages strife  
Against the Lord of light and life.

The captor shall be captive led,  
His power and might be foil'd ;  
The vanquisher be vanquished,  
His dismal kingdom spoil'd ;  
His adamant jaws be rent,  
By God—alone Omnipotent.

Give up, give up, thou cavern deep,  
Hewn in the rocky ground,  
Give up, give up, thou canst not keep  
The Lord of Glory bound :  
He wakes—thy gloomy fetters break,  
Thy monumental portals shake.

Brightly on sons of Sion beam'd  
The morn when Christ arose ;  
But oh ! how terribly it gleam'd  
Upon his shrinking foes ;  
To these with glory overspread,  
To them a sign of wrath and dread.

Tremble, ye regions of despair ;  
Hell's confines, stand aghast ;  
The hour of your dismay is near,  
Your with'ring doom is past ;  
He whom ye mock'd in power appears,  
And his right arm for vengeance bares.

Souls of the just, be not afraid,  
Your Saviour Lord hath risen,  
And hath a glorious pathway made  
From this, our earth, to heaven :  
He reigns in whom ye put your trust,  
Earth must give up your sacred dust.

Each body of the faithful dead,  
Which now dishonoured lies,  
Shall wake up from its mould'ring bed,  
And, cloth'd in glory, rise ;  
Sown in corruption, they but sleep,  
And shall eternal glory reap.

For guilty man he hath obtain'd  
Peace, at a blood-bought price,  
And mansions for his people gain'd,  
Brighter than Paradise ;  
And now he sits in might to save,  
Triumphant o'er the rifled grave.

Praise to the mighty Conqueror,  
To him who won the fight ;  
Praise death's triumphant Vanquisher,  
Who sav'd us by his might ;  
The Victor praise, who on the Serpent trod,  
And open'd out a highway to our God !

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Oh ! risen Lord, who (sin's sore ransom paid)  
Our resurrection and our life is made ;  
Who by the Godhead's all-resistless might  
Rose from the tomb, and wither'd with affright  
The hellish legions that exulting stood  
Around thy cross, and mock'd thy cries and blood ;  
From death's dominion set thy people free,  
And draw them, more than conquerors, after thee.

Lion of Judah's tribe who bled to save,  
Death's enemy, destroyer of the grave ;  
Thou who in innate majesty arose,  
Trampling beneath all-conquering feet thy foes,

O'er us the cov'ring of thy buckler spread,  
O'er us the power of thy salvation shed ;  
Conduct us safely through this shadowy vale ;  
Be thou our refuge when all else shall fail.

Oh ! mighty Captain, great Deliverer, hear ;  
Resistless in thy power and might appear ;  
Summon thy ransom'd, summon thy people forth,  
Call them from east and west, from south and north ;  
Arrange their ranks, their raptur'd souls inflame ;  
Shake out the banner of thy glorious name ;  
Ride on, ride on, in glory and renown,  
Lord, aid thy people, and with victory crown.

Oh ! blest Redeemer, still benign and kind,  
Thou didst not leave thy mourners sad behind,  
But, ere ascending to the throne of God,  
In love still linger'd where thy feet had trod,  
With the same look of grace thy visage wore,  
The marks the same thy broken body bore,  
Oh, by thy Spirit, still be near to teach,  
And cheer our hearts with sweet and soothing speech.

Thou who hast promised to be with all  
Who on thy name, in faith, for succour call ;  
Thou who hast said, that, even to the end,  
Upon thy church rich blessings shall descend ;  
Oh ! let these blessings on thy suppliants flow,  
That they may on their way rejoicing go,

Until, dark Jordan's waters safely past,  
They reach their long'd-for Canaan's shore at last.

O may we here, glad pilgrims poor and weak,  
Christ's footsteps follow, and his kingdom seek ;  
Our faces set, hard as the flinty rock,  
For Sion's walls, her Shepherd-King and flock ;  
Partake the shame, the burden and the loss,  
Come out from Satan, and embrace the cross ;  
Bear his reproach, his humiliation bear,  
Share in the conflict, in the glory share ;  
Travel with Christ his road of grief and pain,  
With him to live, with him in bliss to reign.

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## HYMN ON THE ASCENSION.

'Tis done—and now how richly flows  
The living stream of grace ;  
'Tis done—the Lord of glory goes  
In triumph, to his place ;  
He may no more on earth remain,  
Whom heav'n of heav'ns cannot contain.

The grave, the agony, the shame,  
The cross, he has endur'd ;  
For all who call upon his name  
Salvation is secur'd ;  
For all salvation full and free,  
Who love and wait, O Lord, on thee.

With his disciples Jesus stands,  
Ere he ascends above,  
And leaves with them his last commands,  
Of mercy and of love,  
His counsels and his words to keep,  
To feed his lambs, and feed his sheep.

And as with gracious words he spoke,  
To mitigate their fear,  
New hopes, new life, in them awoke,  
Their drooping hearts to cheer ;  
And as he bless'd them there, how bright  
Broke heavenly wonders on their sight.

In heav'n expectant angel choirs  
Loud songs of triumph raise,  
Attuning sweet their golden lyres  
To his eternal praise ;  
And chariot-clouds rejoicing fly,  
To bear their King to his place on high.

He mounts—all heav'n enraptur'd waits,  
The King reclaims his own ;  
Fling wide the everlasting gates,  
That he may fill his throne ;  
Unfold, ye doors, to entertain  
Your Lord and his celestial train.

O what ecstatic joy to sing  
In that angelic choir ;  
'Midst that celestial train to string,  
And strike heaven's golden lyre ;  
How long, O Lord ?—Lord, patience teach,  
Until these scenes of bliss we reach.

Ye saints loud hallelujahs make,  
Hosannahs loud forthtell ;  
Still louder hallelujahs wake,  
Louder hosannahs swell ;  
For Christ ascendeth up on high,  
And now his people cannot die.

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O could we with the heav'nly throng,  
Sing to thee only lofty song !  
But here, to earth and flesh confin'd,  
Our praise must be with pray'r combin'd.

Oh ! thou who didst good gifts receive,  
For all who on thy name believe ;  
Oh ! mighty Victor, mighty Lord,  
Still, still, to us thy grace afford.

Send down the Spirit from on high,  
Thy people, Lord, to sanctify,  
To guide our steps and bring us rest,  
And purify the carnal breast.

From sin, our hearts, blest Spirit, keep,  
With cleansing power our bosoms sweep ;  
Each bitter root, each foe expel,  
From where, alone, thou, Lord, shouldst dwell.

Oh ! thou who hast thy dwelling-place  
Fast by the throne of love and grace,  
Thou know'st our wants, our fallen state,  
Be thou with God our Advocate.

That our poor prayers, through thee, All-kind,  
May savour and acceptance find ;  
Our thankfulness as odour rise,  
Our praise be wafted to the skies.

Thou our High Priest in mercy made,  
Thou upon whom our sins were laid,  
Who in our stead on Calvary stood,  
And pour'd for us thy precious blood.

O thou that sacred seal present,  
Of th' everlasting covenant ;  
And on our sprinkled bosoms shower  
Those drops of all-prevailing power.

When grief on grief our souls surcharge,  
When sorrows of our heart enlarge,  
O Prince of peace, O Power benign,  
With rays of mercy on us shine.

O gracious Saviour, intercede  
For thy poor flock in every need ;  
Be thou our strength, our light, our joy,  
And nothing can our peace destroy.

Break Satan's yoke from off our neck,  
With shining robes thy ransom'd deck,  
Our present filthy rags we loathe,  
With righteousness thy people clothe.

So when the heavens bow down and rend,  
And thou shalt, Lord of all, descend ;  
At the first trumpet's wak'ning sound,  
We may in foremost ranks be found.

Found faithful unto death when tried,  
Now deathless, sinless, glorified ;  
Found with the ranks who ride with thee,  
To battle and to victory.

## HYMN ON THE HOLY SPIRIT.

O heav'nly Father, hear our cry ;  
 On us, with sovereign power,  
 Thy Holy Spirit from on high,  
 In rich abundance shower.

O Christ our King, our joy and crown,  
 Look from thy seat above ;  
 The promis'd Comforter send down,  
 Pledge of thy grace and love.

Come, Holy Ghost, with power divine,  
 Shed round thy quick'ning breath ;  
 Come with transforming light, and shine  
 Amongst the tombs of death.

Come to the lowly and the meek,  
 With whisp'rings small and still ;  
 Come to the fainting and the weak,  
 Like dew on Hermon's hill.

In mercy answer those who call,  
 And their poor efforts aid ;  
 Thy strength'ning influence pour on all,  
 In grief and sorrow laid.

Bring back again the soul that hath  
Wander'd forlorn and drear ;  
Oh ! stop him in his downward path,  
And say what dost thou here.

Bow down the lofty and the proud,  
Arouse the soul at ease,  
The reckless wake with thund'rings loud,  
And bend the stubborn knees.

The false and scoffing reasoner teach,  
Who would God's mysteries scan ;  
He climbs a height he cannot reach ;  
Tell him he is but man.

When wealth, or fame, or power enthrall,  
Dissolve the fatal spell,  
The harden'd sinner's heart appal,  
Smite down the infidel.

Subdue all hearts and reign within,  
Try all as gold is tried ;  
Convict, convince, the world of sin,  
That God be glorified.

Breaker of hearts—arouse, alarm,  
All who oppose thy sway ;  
Binder of hearts—the hearts embalm,  
Which tremblingly obey.

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Come, Holy Ghost, with grace be nigh,  
In trouble and distress,  
Come, promis'd Comforter, and dry  
Our tears of bitterness.

With north wind keen thy course commence,  
Then with the south wind blow  
O'er my soul's garden, that from thence  
Rich plenteous fruits may flow.

When cheer'd with beams from mercy's seat,  
No doubts can long annoy ;  
The work begun thou wilt complete,  
In quietness and joy.

Teach us in trials and distress,  
When troubled waters roll,  
Our souls in patience to possess,  
Under thy blest control.

From out thy sacred armoury  
Encase us for the fight,  
For Satan and his host must flee  
That panoply of light.

The strong confirm—the halt and lame  
With energy inspire,  
And kindle to a quenchless flame  
The spark of heavenly fire.

Breathe, and our frozen hearts shall melt,  
Grace shall our souls assure,  
Through all their deep recesses felt,  
Resistless, bright, and pure.

Comfort, sustain, reprove, instruct,  
Feed us with heavenly food ;  
To Calvary's cross our steps conduct,  
Where flow'd atoning blood.

Our conscience sprinkle and redeem,  
From blackness and despair ;  
Made clean in that all cleansing stream,  
There is no more to fear.

With hopes and aspirations high,  
Our raptur'd bosoms fill,  
Their depths most secret purify,  
And mould them to thy will.

Come, and our earthly bonds remove,  
Lead us from strength to strength ;  
In covenant of grace and love,  
Seal us with peace at length.

## HYMN FOR A CHRISTENING.

To thee, O God, our heav'nly King,  
 In Jesu's name our child we bring,  
 Looking to have him written thine  
 In book of life, by rite divine.

As sinner born of sinful man,  
 Laying beneath thy righteous ban,  
 We bring him here, through Christ, to be  
 Regenerated, Lord, by thee.

By water wash him, Lord, from sin,  
 The outward sign of grace within,  
 O Holy Spirit, make him pure,  
 Build him on Rock of Ages sure.

For Jesu's sake, O gracious Lord,  
 The unction of thy grace accord ;  
 Amongst thy saints his name enrol ;  
 O save his body—save his soul.

O bring him out from realms of night,  
 Into thine own most glorious light ;  
 From curse of sin and death repriev'd,  
 In covenant of grace receiv'd.

O thou who didst with arms of grace  
The younglings of thy flock embrace,  
From throne on high great Shepherd bow,  
Look on this lamb and bless him now.

O take him to thy guardian care,  
Preserve him safe from every snare ;  
Direct his goings in the way,  
That he may not from Sion stray.

O may he early lisp thy name,  
The wonders of thy love proclaim ;  
Teach him to fight with death and sin,  
Teach him a heav'nly crown to win.

Permit him, Lord, to walk with thee,  
Light in thy glorious light to see ;  
And as life's stream doth onward flow,  
May he in grace and favour grow.

By thy in-dwelling Spirit lead,  
With bread of life, thy manna, feed ;  
His soul with living waters lave ;  
Save him, O righteous Saviour, save.

Lord, guard him in advancing years,  
O save him from remorseful tears ;  
When passions rage, when storms arise,  
With wisdom's counsels make him wise.

In manhood's prime, when all around  
Would tempt him to forbidden ground,  
With ardour fresh his soul inspire,  
Baptise him, then, with sacred fire.

That of thy mystic body, he  
A living member, Lord, may be ;  
A fruitful branch, a stone of grace,  
Prepar'd on earth for heav'nly place.

To thee, in humble suit, we kneel,  
This our sweet babe with pardon seal,  
Through Holy Spirit, Lord, we pray,  
Seal him unto redemption's day.

O make him for thy kingdom mete,  
Thy work of love in him complete,  
'Tis all of grace, O Lord, we own,  
Thine be the glory, thine alone.

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## HYMN FOR A CHILD.

For his sake who in mercy came,  
Salvation's tidings to proclaim,  
Who did himself a ransom give,  
That I might hope with God to live ;  
Hear, gracious Father, deign to hear,  
Whilst kneeling low I make my prayer ;  
Be thou my guide by night and day,  
Teach me to love thy name alway.

Through him who little children took,  
As I have read in holy book,  
And, whilst his arms their cradle made,  
Bless'd, and his hands upon them laid ;  
O bless me, Lord, and let me share  
Thy tenderness and guardian care ;  
In all I do, in all I say,  
Teach me to love thy name alway.

O gracious Lord thy youngling keep,  
Through Christ, the Shepherd of the sheep,  
That Shepherd good who watchful leads  
And gently chides and sweetly feeds ;  
Who softly charms his lambs to rest,  
And bears the new-born in his breast ;

At home, abroad, at work or play,  
Grant me thy grace, O Lord, always.

Lord grant me grace, that I may be  
A little child belov'd by thee ;  
Take my young heart, my God, and make  
The gift thine own, for Jesu's sake ;  
Then need I fear nor storm nor blight,  
Nor sun by day nor moon by night ;  
Thine arm shall ever be my stay,  
And I shall be thine own always.

Whether I tread my happy home,  
Or in the field or garden roam,  
Or wild flowers pluck, and make with them  
A fair but fading diadem ;  
Or rise at morn, or rest my head  
At nightfall on my happy bed,  
No mist can then bedim the ray  
That thou wilt shed on me always.

O teach my lips to sing thy praise,  
My feet to run thy sacred ways,  
My mind thy holy will to know,  
My hands thy holy work to do ;  
Teach me to love my parents dear,  
And meekly pain and sickness bear ;  
Whate'er thy will may I obey,  
And walk with thee, my God, always.

When, happy child, my father's knee  
I climb, or clasp his neck with glee ;  
Or to a mother's bosom creep,  
There sung by her sweet voice to sleep ;  
Whene'er my infant breast is glad,  
Whene'er my little heart is sad,  
Be thou, O God, my help and stay,  
That I may dwell with thee always.

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## FOR A FUNERAL.

The Lord whom all things must obey,  
By whom they stand, from whom they came,  
Hath taken what he gave away,  
For ever blessed be his name.

Sweetly they sleep, whose hopes were stay'd  
On Israel's God, on Israel's King,  
Who down their earthly mansions laid,  
Sustain'd and brooded by his wing.

Living in Christ, in Christ they died,  
Living to him, in him they sleep ;  
They fought and conquer'd by his side,  
And shall with him fruition reap.

In hope their house of clay is sown,  
In trust they yielded up their breath ;  
In vain death claims them for his own,  
They're his, the Vanquisher of death.

In him their ransom'd souls are hid,  
With God the Lord Omnipotent,  
Until in courts celestial bid,  
To take a fitting tenement.

Under thy hand, Lord, bending low,  
We kiss the rod, and, strong in trust,  
Our brother now in earth we sow—  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Jesus, thou ever blessed One,  
Bring him in glory, Lord, with thee,  
The feeble mortal cloth'd upon  
With life and immortality.

Dry up, dear Lord, the starting tear,  
Comfort our hearts bereav'd and sore,  
And lead us, Prince of peace, to where  
Sorrow and tears are known no more.

May we with earnestness prepare—  
Thine own upheld—thine own confess'd—  
To follow this our brother dear,  
And with him enter into rest.

Lord, when our strength and spirits fail,  
With thy sustaining staff and rod  
Conduct us through the shadowy vale,  
To where thou art, our Father-God.

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THE COMING OUT OF THE  
CHILDREN OF ISRAEL FROM EGYPT,  
AND THEIR PASSAGE THROUGH THE RED SEA.

The Lord of hosts, the God who rules on high,  
Had seen his people's woe, and heard their cry ;  
Seen the oppressors who their homes had spoil'd,  
For whom they groan'd, and sweat, and dug, and  
toil'd ;  
Who with the murderous hand of ruthless power,  
From mothers' breast had pluck'd her new-born flower,

And, pitiless, had cast it in the flood  
Of Nilus, crimson'd with its sacred blood.  
His own right arm his own great name upheld,  
And e'en the heart of haughty Pharaoh quell'd ;  
That arm for vengeance and for judgement bar'd,  
With plagues had torn them, and with tempests scar'd ;  
With desolation had their regions fill'd,  
Their pride with shame, with dread their boasting  
still'd ;

Until, at last, arising in his might,  
He slew their first-born in the dead of night.  
Throughout their coasts the sword avenging goes,  
From every dwelling cries of death arose ;  
Egypt, dismay'd, stood trembling and aghast,  
The tyrant's pride was humbled at the last ;  
The terrors of the Lord all hearts subdued,  
The cruel masters to their bondslaves sued :  
As with loud cries they Israel's march impel,  
The chains, accurs'd, that held them captives, fell ;  
With fest'ring bonds no longer gall'd, but free,  
They breath'd again the air of liberty ;  
They spoil'd the spoiler and the seller sold ;  
Borrow'd their works of silver and of gold ;  
And with the wealth of prostrate Egypt grac'd,  
Came from that house of bondage out in haste.

The hosts of Israel in that solemn hour,  
By God forewarn'd, confiding in his power,  
Prompt to obey, in watchful order stand,  
Forward to set when Moses gives command.

For them th' unblemish'd Paschal lamb had bled,  
And they had on the sacred emblem fed ;  
With bitter herbs had eaten it—and found  
Safety and peace, when all was death around ;  
Their homes blood-sprinkled, over-past and kept,  
When God in wrath o'er Egypt's first-born swept ;  
Securely kept within their mansions seal'd,  
When God without, in judgment was reveal'd.  
All gird their loins, with shoes their ankles brace,  
They grasp their staff, and turn the earnest face,  
Eager to catch the signal made by God,  
To see th' uplifting of the sacred rod ;  
At last, 'tis rais'd, and, at the promis'd sign,  
All in the task with breathless haste combine ;  
The countless ranks submissively fulfil  
Their lot appointed by his sovereign will.  
Along they march—no dire confusion reigns,  
One spirit animates, one faith sustains ;  
Slowly their way with flocks and herds they wind,  
No single hoof of all remains behind.  
The men of strength, with thought and prudent  
care,  
The fore-ranks marshal, or bring up the rear ;  
The bolder youth the younger striplings lead,  
Softly the wives and little ones proceed ;  
The aged matron cheers the aged sire,  
All are propell'd by one intense desire ;  
With one accord their homes, once lov'd, forsake,  
And to a land unknown their journey take—

Leave Goshen's verdant fields without regret,  
Firm as a rock, their face for Canaan set ;  
Strong in the confidence of Israel's King ;  
Safe under cover of His shelt'ring wing  
Who Egypt shook, shook Pharoah on his throne,  
And forc'd them, trembling, God as Lord to own ;  
Leading them forth amid the wild alarm  
With mighty hand and far-outstretched arm.  
And now, to shield them on their desert way,  
Was to their host pillar of cloud by day ;  
Whilst to protect and guide them through the night,  
Pillar of fire to comfort and delight.

They came out by their armies—tribe by tribe  
A line of march most strange and wild describe,  
As on they press'd—with them, the promis'd seed,  
A mixt and stranger multitude proceed ;  
Rank after rank in measur'd march defil'd,  
Tracing their steps through deserts drear and wild ;  
Harness'd, but not for war ; without defence,  
Save in their God, their only confidence.  
Men, women, children, flocks and herds combin'd,  
With tents and household goods, nought left behiud ;  
A nation great, by dangers unappall'd,  
Come out, by summons of Jehovah call'd.  
A power of faith, which, trustful, all believe ;  
Triumph of faith, which, dauntless, all achieve ;  
The chosen seed its sacred influence felt,  
Their home they deem'd not where they long had  
dwelt ;

By that sustain'd, with new desires they burn'd,  
And Goshen's valleys and her pastures spurn'd.  
Their far-off home, the promis'd land, they priz'd ;  
And Egypt's wealth and Pharoah's wrath despis'd ;  
To this they look'd, the land of promis'd rest,  
Whilst hope, faith's offspring, animates each breast ;  
Nor threats they heed, nor dangers nor distress,  
The wild simoom or howling wilderness ;  
For they had heard a voice which bade them rise,  
Which spake in thunder to their enemies ;  
Had seen the self-same hand stretch'd out to save,  
Which Egypt's fairest hurried to the grave ;  
And they had seen, still saw, the pillar move,  
Pledge of his presence, token of his love ;  
A cloud by day before the host it sail'd,  
A heavenly flame when shades of night prevail'd ;  
The guide which screen'd when downward sunbeams  
    parch'd,  
The guide which cheer'd them when in gloom they  
    march'd ;  
On this, when weary, faint, with toil o'erspent,  
Their longing eyes with gaze intense were bent ;  
And, reassured by tokens so sublime,  
They overleapt all distance, place, or time ;  
Look'd on the future, saw their journeyings done,  
Their labours ended, and their Canaan won.  
    Oh ! had this holy confidence endur'd,  
Then, then, indeed, this land had been secur'd ;

If when their faith was tried, it had been found  
Steadfast as rock, to Rock of Ages bound—  
Had they not God provok'd when sore afraid,  
Question'd his love, doubted his power to aid ;  
Had they not started like a broken bow,  
Refus'd to follow as he bade them go :  
With scornful thoughts belied that pleasant land,  
No credence given to his dread command—  
Short had their wand'rings been and short their toil,  
Nor had their bones repos'd in stranger soil ;  
What years of danger, tumult, strife, and pain  
They had escap'd, that now they must sustain :  
Forty long years of misery and doubt,  
By God for ever from that home shut out.  
Alas ! that men, still clinging to the dust,  
Refuse Jehovah and his word to trust ;  
Halt 'twixt opinions—turn their faces back ;  
Slacken their speed—and leave the mark'd-out track,  
Giving their foes occasion to blaspheme,  
Tempting their Sun to hide his glorious beam.

Onwards they went, o'er wilds of burning sand,  
Still stay'd and guided by the self-same hand ;  
No beaten road, no flow'ry path they trac'd,  
All was one wide inhospitable waste ;  
No signs were there of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Of shady groves to rest them after toil :  
There were no fountains, streams, or bubbling rills ;  
No verdant plains or gently-swelling hills ;

Nought here man's labours or his mastery own,  
All sad and desolate, and drear and lone.  
A sound subdu'd within the camp was heard,  
Nothing beyond the death-like stillness stirr'd ;  
The hum internal of the hive was there ;  
Without, all wore the mantle of despair.  
Such scenes a source of trembling dread must prove,  
To all but eye of faith and heart of love ;  
These heavenly guests, no baubles of the hour,  
Reject man's sway and scorn his puny power ;  
They have their essence in a spring of joy,  
Nor time, nor place, nor distance can destroy.  
On, on, still on they went ; a sight so strange  
Earth had not witness'd in her widest range :  
Behold a race in cruel bondage long  
By nation held, vindictive, fierce, and strong,  
From forth that nation which enslav'd them come,  
To seek a distant and but promis'd home.  
Whilst braving hunger, thirst, or cold or heat,  
They fear'd not death or Pharoah's wrath to meet ;  
In him confiding who their armies led,  
Faithful the word of him who promised—  
This was the secret of that strange array,  
Tracking in hope their cheerless desert way ;  
This was the sword that flam'd before their foes,  
This was the balm that heal'd their rankling woes ;  
This was the ægis held above the crest,  
This was the armour that secur'd the breast :

And whilst that sword aloft was bravely swung,  
Ere by distrust's frail side it useless hung ;  
Whilst that all-sacred panoply was worn,  
Ere the bright ægis from the arm was torn ;  
Safely that host abided in its strength,  
Scathless, secure, throughout its breadth and length—  
For these were weapons forg'd in courts above,  
By wisdom temper'd, and bestow'd by love ;  
Unlike to those fashion'd by puny race,  
Of earthly temper and materials base ;  
These the bare head, the naked bosom guard,  
The spirit strengthen, and its bulwarks ward ;  
To age and weakness inward power impart,  
Brace the bent knees, and nerve the fainting heart ;  
The sinking pulse with new-born vigour swell,  
In life or death o'er all invincible.  
Such then were Israel's hosts, as they pursue  
The way appointed, and no other knew ;  
To lawless power an easy prey they seem'd,  
By thoughtless man a band fanatic deem'd :  
A mixed multitude the desert braves ;  
Flocks, all their riches ; all their weapons, staves.  
But they were His, his people mark'd and known,  
And in his might they went and not their own :  
Who shall their course impede, their progress bar ?  
Who with them strive, or wage an impious war ?  
Who shall confront Omnipotence, and try  
To measure strength with present Deity ?—

His blasts shall shake, his scorching lightnings tear  
The wretch who such impiety shall dare.

As Israel now their homeward journey took,  
Broke Egypt's fetters and her land forsook,  
Word came to Pharoah, that, by Moses led,  
They had cast off his galling yoke and fled,  
With settled purpose to return no more,  
Nor wear again the chains which erst they wore.  
The haughty occupant of Egypt's throne,  
Who brook'd no will superior to his own ;  
The cruel tyrant, who to death had doom'd  
The new-born infant, and in Nile entomb'd ;  
The hard taskmaster, who had curs'd their days,  
With sweat and toil his massive piles to raise ;  
He, the hard-hearted and heart-harden'd lord,  
Whose frown was death, whose sceptre was the sword,  
Kindled with wrath, and soon to fury lash'd,  
The tempest broke ; his eyes with anger flash'd,  
The lips now quiver'd that had God defied,  
Fierce was that brow, and steel'd that heart of pride.—  
What ! shall these Jewish dogs abjure my sway ?  
These slaves refuse my mandates to obey ?—  
Return no more ?—By all the gods I swear,  
Let the accursed fugitives beware—  
The land hath them entangled, they shall feel  
What 'tis to brave the edge of Pharoah's steel ;  
In blood their treason shall be fully paid ;  
And his clench'd hand on hilted sword was laid ;

Forgetful, in his ire, the hand that late  
Had press'd and crush'd him with resistless weight ;  
Of plagues forgetful, and of Israel's God,  
Moses, his servant, and the lifted rod.  
He summon'd all his mighty men of fame,  
Who led his armies and upheld his name ;  
With stern command he bade them all, with care,  
A fierce and fearless armament prepare—  
Six hundred chariots ready arm'd for fight,  
Horses and horsemen, chosen men of might,  
Bands that had oft the tide of battle turn'd,  
And oft in fields of blood their laurels earn'd.  
Sudden they march'd, to warlike daring train'd,  
They rang'd their files, their fiery steeds restrain'd ;  
Forward, whilst clanging trumpets loudly rung,  
Like lions greedy of their prey they sprung ;  
Furious, in glitt'ring panoply encas'd,  
In dread array, proud Egypt Israel chas'd ;  
And at their head, in lofty mien and state,  
'Th' impious King, the haughty potentate,  
Urging his coursers, chided all delay,  
As if impatient of the tedious way ;  
As if that way too long a barrier stood,  
'Twixt them and him athirsting for their blood.

And where was Israel, when, as seen from far,  
Near and more near roll'd on that tide of war ?  
Where God's own chosen, as at evening's close  
The distant shout forbade the wish'd repose ;

When clouds of sand obscur'd the blue serene,  
And flashing arms and flying wheels were seen ?—  
By the Red Sea encamping—each his tent  
Pitch'd, after day in toil and labour spent :  
Fear seiz'd the host, dismay all faces pal'd,  
'The stoutest heart the sight terrific quail'd.  
Whither had pillar led their wand'ring feet ?  
Where was the promise of a safe retreat ?  
The sea before them heav'd her bosom deep,  
As guard from all advance the tribes to keep.  
On either side they could no passage win,  
For rocks impassable had shut them in ;  
Whilst in their rear, as if all hope were gone,  
Fierce as a storm the foe came thund'ring on ;  
Rank press'd on rank—their chiefs, in fiery mood,  
Urg'd on their files, well train'd to work of blood ;  
And at their head, the king, with eager glance,  
View'd Israel's thousands as he pois'd his lance ;  
As eagle ready on his prey to stoop,  
In thought he crush'd them in his slaught'ring swoop ;  
As with stern voice he bade his banners rear,  
And gave the word to kill and not to spare.  
'The heart of Israel sunk—to God they cried,  
Destruction clos'd them in on every side—  
Were there no graves in Egypt was the cry,  
That thou hast brought us here, unblest, to die ;  
Better to serve, to make the pots, than press  
Our bleaching bones in howling wilderness.

O foolish people ! why that wailing sound ?  
Why should despair 'mongst God's elect be found ?  
Have ye so soon forgot his arm to trust,  
Who Egypt smote and laid her in the dust ?—  
Fear not, nor be dismay'd, stand still and see ;  
God fights for you, the God of victory.  
So Moses spake undaunted, and remain'd  
Unmov'd, by holy confidence sustain'd ;  
To God his soul he pour'd in secret prayer,  
For well he knew the Lord his God was near :  
An instant answer to his servant came  
From pillar-cloud—' Why call'st thou on my name ' ?  
' To Israel's children, to my people speak,  
Bid them go forward and their safety seek ;  
Above the barrier waves thy rod uphold,  
They shall obey Me and their gates unfold ;  
The curling waters shall their heads divide,  
And for my ransom'd ope a passage wide—  
Fear not, nor heed the heathen's scornful boast,  
I'll get me honor upon all their host ;  
On man and horse, on Pharoah and his throne,  
And they shall know that I am God alone.  
Moses obey'd and question'd not—His word  
The Lord had spoken—he believ'd the Lord.  
He gave the word and led them as he spoke,  
Till at his feet the echoing surges broke ;  
Instant the rod was stretch'd above his head—  
O God, the waters saw thee and they fled—

Through all their depths the vivid signal flash'd,  
A mighty wind their crested billows lash'd ;  
Wave upon wave the floods, in order wild,  
Heaps upon heaps, like lofty rocks were pil'd ;  
By secret power, none might resist, propell'd,  
The sea was curb'd, its troubled surge upheld.  
The parted deep, on either side a wall,  
Like crystal bulwarks stood erect and tall ;  
A highway open'ng, spacious, firm, and dry,  
Way of escape from death impending nigh ;  
Whilst Israel, gazing with amaz'd delight,  
A moment paus'd, bewilder'd at the sight :  
Their heaven-taught leader with a brow serene,  
With measur'd footsteps and untroubled mien,  
Within the sea's discover'd bosom strode,  
Baptised there in covenant with God.  
Their lot with him the tribes obedient cast,  
And after him, in faith triumphant, pass'd ;  
Peaceful that waste of watery mountains slept,  
No drop might touch the flock Jehovah kept.

Meanwhile the pillar—pledge of love and grace,  
A Saviour's high and holy dwelling-place—  
From front to rearward suddenly remov'd,  
To succour those he guided and he lov'd ;  
From death to rescue and a yawning grave,  
When man's weak arm was powerless to save.  
'Twas then the sacred pillar as it pass'd,  
O'er all the host its shadowing mercy cast ;

Baptising them in cloud who were to be,  
Baptis'd soon after in the parted sea.  
Thus did his arm and presence interpose  
'Twixt flying Israel and her vengeful foes ;  
On these he turn'd a look of gloom and ire,  
On those a face lit up with sacred fire.  
Then were his double purposes reveal'd,  
Night to the one, to other sun and shield ;  
What was to Israel's tribes a gracious cloud,  
To Egypt's armies serv'd for pall and shroud ;  
Israel, in light, their heaven-made course pursue,  
Egypt, in darkness veil'd, no pathway knew.  
O night of wonders ! O eventful hour !  
When God arose in mercy and in power,  
The fierce to conquer, and the strong to bind,  
Reading, in types, a lesson to mankind :  
Sweetly that night to be remember'd beam'd,  
Which shew'd, in figures, Christ and his redeem'd.

The king, by dim obscurity constrain'd,  
Slacken'd his speed, his ardent coursers rein'd ;  
Darkness sat brooding o'er his legions there,  
He gnash'd his teeth, in impotent despair ;  
He spoke of vengeance to be fully paid,  
For present vengeance for a time delay'd ;  
He thought of slaughter on the coming day—  
Where wert thou then, O king, and where were  
they ?  
Safe was that host unharm'd—but where was thine ?—  
Say, thou that dar'st to war with power divine :

The Red Sea, roaring in her ancient bed,  
Unfolds the tale, as she o'erleaps the dead ;  
Her bellowing waters, as they lash her coast,  
Speak of the buried, proud, blaspheming host,  
And with loud voice the mighty news declare,  
God scourg'd his foes, and sav'd his people here.

The minist'ring angels gaz'd with wond'ring eyes,  
Hell stood aghast with terror and surprise ;  
The wall'd-up water, luminous with rays,  
To uncreated light its homage pays—  
The chosen seed, on foot, dry-shod, and free,  
Pass through the depths to life and liberty :  
As on they mov'd, so mov'd the pillar-guard,  
From near approach of hostile feet to ward.  
The fierce Egyptian, to destruction won,  
Still madly follow'd as the cloud roll'd on :  
All bore, combin'd, high heaven's deep-lin'd impress,  
Bringing to view concentrate mightiness.  
Within that ocean's bed laid bare, descend  
The band of faith, and aw'd, in silence wend  
The path miraculous by mercy rent,  
With eyes transfix'd in joy and wonderment.  
Each heart beat high, with holy rapture fir'd,  
Firm were their feet, their ardent souls inspir'd ;  
Ecstatic hopes fresh energy supply,  
Renew the weak, recall the wand'ring eye ;  
On, pauseless, on, till all had fearless pass'd  
Into the sea's dissever'd jaws at last—

At length, sustain'd by heaven's approving smile,  
Their chief emerg'd from out that dread defile ;  
And, as his feet first touch'd the shore, he bow'd  
The head in thankfulness, and prais'd aloud  
The God of Sabaoth, who for them had wrought  
Such mighty deeds, such strange deliverance brought.  
Close by the open'd gorge he took his stand,  
The rod of power still ready in his hand,  
As Israel's thousands, in the pillar's light,  
Pass'd in review before his ravish'd sight ;  
And from his lips oft burst the song of praise—  
Faithful, O God, thou art in all thy ways ;  
'There dwelleth no unfaithfulness with thee,  
Israel is sav'd, her captive tribes are free.

Unmindful of the tears her children wept,  
When God through Egypt like a torrent swept ;  
Regardless of her first-born's direful fate,  
Of all the plagues which laid her desolate ;  
The haughty monarch still unmov'd remain'd,  
Only by cloud that all obscur'd, restrain'd.  
With savage hate, vindictive, undisguis'd,  
He hated Israel, Israel's God despis'd ;  
And ere night clos'd still hop'd his prey to clasp,  
And ruthless crush it in his iron grasp ;  
Another hour, he thought, by Red Sea shore  
His blood-red hand might revel in her gore ;  
To slaughter doom'd the bravest of her sons,  
To sad captivity her little ones ;

Her fairest daughters, e'en if spar'd a grave,  
To pamper lust or bear the curse of slave.—  
That hour, thou stern oppressor, ne'er shall come,  
Theirs is the triumph, thine the fearful doom ;  
Thou hast defied the Lord, the living God,  
And he shall crush thee with his iron rod.  
He follow'd on under Jehovah's curse,  
As gloom and mist, by pillar cast, disperse ;  
But near God's people all that wondrous night  
He might not come, to injure or affright :  
At length within the sea's deep womb had all  
In safety sunk, her waves a crystal wall  
Embattled stood, so calm, serene, and clear,  
They doubt dispell'd, and banish'd every fear ;  
And now the cloud, still moving on, o'erhung  
The awful gorge—The moon her radiance flung,  
And to the startled Pharoah's eyes reveal'd  
The wondrous passage, hitherto conceal'd :  
The tyrant paus'd, his haughty vision chang'd,  
As silently his glowing eyeballs rang'd  
O'er such mysterious doings, and survey'd  
The op'ning through the heav'd-up waters made,—  
E'en Pharaoh's harden'd bosom quail'd with awe,  
As he such tokens of the Godhead saw ;  
For some short space misgiving fears assail'd,  
His spirit fierce, his reckless courage fail'd :  
Short time—for soon the soul of pride rebell'd—  
His throbbing veins tumultuous passions swell'd.

What ! shall these dogs escape my chastening sword ?  
These rebels meet not rebel's just reward ?  
These abject slaves for me no longer toil,  
But Egypt's king and Egypt's armies foil ?—  
What ! shall the cur the lordly lion tame,  
And bring disgrace on Pharaoh and his name ;  
Snatching, unharm'd, from jaws enfeebled grown,  
The rightful prey he won and call'd his own ?  
Who shall attempt with scornful boasting, who,  
To do the thing that Pharaoh dare not do ?—  
With mind resolv'd, he turn'd his eagle glance  
On serried ranks, all eager to advance ;  
The veteran files, arrang'd with warrior skill,  
Compact and fearless, waited but his will ;  
Ready as blood hounds for the gory chase,  
As coursers panting for the coming race :—  
At sight of these, so oft in battle tried,  
He gave full scope to insolence and pride ;  
High o'er his head the dreadful signal wav'd ;  
Headlong with them he death and danger brav'd ;  
The ardent steeds, disdainful of the lash,  
Within the sea's wide-sever'd vortex dash ;  
Headlong they plunge, these warriors guant and stern,  
From whence they never must alive return ;  
A path they tread with heart of pride impure,  
To heart of love and faith alone secure ;  
With impious haste on fell destruction rush,  
Daring the hand already rais'd to crush.

Stay, christian, stay, and in the gospel's light  
Fix thy strain'd eyes on this stupendous sight—  
Behold the sea convuls'd, its restless mass  
Curb'd, and compell'd to let the ransom'd pass—  
See Moses, type of God's Anointed, stand  
Blessing his children as they touch'd the strand.  
Behold the tribes redeem'd at utmost need,  
As on their sea-girt path baptis'd they speed ;  
Gaze on the pillar, cloud, and fire, the sign  
Of God in presence, and his work divine ;  
On them rich floods of streaming light it throws,  
But frowns in darkness on their cruel foes.  
Then let thine eyes on mighty Pharaoh rest,  
His dreadful form, the lightning of his crest ;  
Rest on his bold abettors, men and steeds,  
Horses and horsemen, train'd to warlike deeds ;  
On foam-streak'd chariots and the ribald train,  
That, impious, dar'd that sacred path profane :  
On these, untir'd, still meditate anew,  
Types in the past, now open'd out for you—  
Events momentous—in the which to see  
Outlines defin'd of dread futurity ;  
Tokens by which God's dealings to descry,  
Signs which foretold the Day-star from on high ;  
When he who once in pillar-cloud abode,  
Should, as Emmanuel, lead his church to God.

At length appear'd the glimm'ring blush of morn,  
To Christ's tir'd flock indeed a blessed dawn ;

In faith, faith's path, God's family, combin'd,  
Had safely pass'd, not one remain'd behind.  
The pillar rested on the Red Sea's verge,  
Yet fill'd with madness, still pursuit they urge.  
The time was come—At morning watch, through cloud  
God look'd in wrath, and soon with thund'rings loud,  
With signs portentous in the troubled air,  
He shook his foes, and fill'd their hearts with fear ;  
Troubled the host, took off the chariot wheels,  
Till each vast fabric like a drunkard reels.  
In vain the startled drivers furious goad,  
The nerveless horses scarce can drag the load ;  
From Egypt's thousands then arose the cry,  
God fights for Israel, from the contest fly :  
At once all order, all command is lost,  
Men, horses, horsemen, as a tempest toss'd ;  
Ranks press on ranks, retreating to the shore ;  
Confusion revels 'midst the wild uproar ;  
Blood flows in torrents, as each warrior tries  
To carve a passage, as dismay'd he flies.  
In vain they strove, imprison'd and engorg'd,  
By fetters bound that they themselves had forg'd ;  
E'en Pharoah blanch'd, stung with despair and pain ;  
His pride could ill that hour of woe sustain ;  
He could not stand, whilst dread his bosom wrings,  
One moment's conflict with the King of kings ;  
His shaking limbs a present God confess,  
Like rock, by earthquake, heaving in distress.

The God of Sabaoth speaks, and at the word  
The stern Avenger draws his glitt'ring sword ;  
O'er Egypt's sea stretch out thy rod once more—  
'Tis done, and loud the answering billows roar :  
From bands releas'd, down sunk the watery walls ;  
The bellowing mass like crashing thunder falls ;  
The tumbling waters toss, and foam, and bound,  
Wave mounts on wave, and shakes the quaking ground.  
The crested surges now as giants sweep,  
As hungry lions on the prey they leap ;  
The tumbling floods like bounding coursers ran,  
And headlong sprung on foes of God and man.  
No time for thought, no time to weep or pray,  
One shriek was heard of wild and mad dismay ;  
One cry arose from ocean's yawning bed,  
And Pharaoh's host was number'd with the dead ;  
The sea, returning in his strength, had clos'd,  
And whelm'd the rebels who had God oppos'd ;  
But with conception so profane aghast,  
She soon on shore the vile abortion cast ;  
The impious load, ejected from her womb,  
Unworthy deem'd of e'en a well'ring tomb,  
Laid there unburied as a burden vile,  
The earth they sicken, and the air defile,  
To all abhorrent, save the ravenous beast,  
Or prey-bird gloating o'er his dreadful feast :  
Accurs'd of God the heaps pestiferous lay,  
Dishonour'd, shunn'd, and hasting to decay ;

A startling type they lay, o'erwhelm'd in wrath,  
Of resurrection to eternal death ;  
Whilst Israel, sav'd in this tremendous strife,  
Was type of rising to eternal life.  
Such was by God the great deliverance brought,  
For those who lov'd him and his favour sought ;  
Such peace have they who other aid forsake,  
And Rock of Ages their foundation make ;  
And this their doom, to all the Spirit calls,  
On whom in wrath the Rock of Ages falls ;  
This, this their doom who heaven and earth abuse,  
And for their King the Lord of hosts refuse ;  
This the dire end of that rebellious train,  
Who would not, over them, that God should reign ;  
This the terrific and unpitied fate,  
Which shall on Satan and his hosts await.—  
Then first the Lamb's victorious pœans rung ;  
Then first was harp of Israel's leader strung ;  
His name he celebrates who victory won,  
Whose arm for them such mighty works had done ;  
His praise he sings who struck the tyrant down,  
And quail'd the fierce oppressors with his frown.  
The cup of fury of his wrath they drank,  
Like stones within the whelming surge they sank ;  
Horses and horsemen, chariots, reeling fell,  
Caught by the angry waters' dismal swell ;  
To scorn he laugh'd them, Lord of power and might,  
A Man of war, He crush'd them in the fight.

Who could the terrors of our God withstand ?  
Alone He triumph'd by his own right hand.  
Scarce had the glorious accents time to close,  
Ere from assembled multitudes there rose  
One vast, one rending, soul-inspiring cry,  
The Lord our God has triumph'd gloriously ;  
Shout, for the people of the Lord are free,  
The Lord our God hath won the victory.  
Nor were thy daughters, Israel, tuneless found,  
With rapturous joy they echoed back the sound ;  
Miriam, with timbrel, led the tuneful train,  
And oh ! how sweetly rose the stirring strain—  
' Rider and horse are cast into the sea,  
The Lord our God has triumph'd gloriously.'

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## CONCLUSION.

O Muse belov'd, that mov'd my inmost soul  
 To solemn harmony and sacred song,  
 Cease for awhile thy strains, and softly rest  
 In calm tranquillity ; thy strength renew,  
 Until restor'd to vigour ; and, afresh  
 With holy meditations fill'd, and fir'd  
 With inspirations of ethereal birth,  
 Thou shalt again lift up thy feeble voice  
 (Oh ! how unworthy of such glorious themes)  
 In tuneful measures of out-pouring praise,  
 Or hymns of thankfulness, or songs that breathe,  
 In gentle murmurings, to hearts athirst ;  
 Not for the grand and beautiful of earth,  
 But for the unseen glories that await  
 The pure in heart sitting at Jesus' feet ;  
 In his apparel cloth'd, and wash'd and cleans'd  
 From sin's accurs'd contaminating stains,  
 By blood immaculate of Lamb of God.

Yes, rest thee, Muse,  
 Whose gentle flow'rs of poesy have been  
 To me, indeed, as garden of delight,  
 Where sweets made redolent by sun and shade,  
 And fed with heav'nly dews, hang on the air  
 Their rich and varied perfumes—O rest thee,

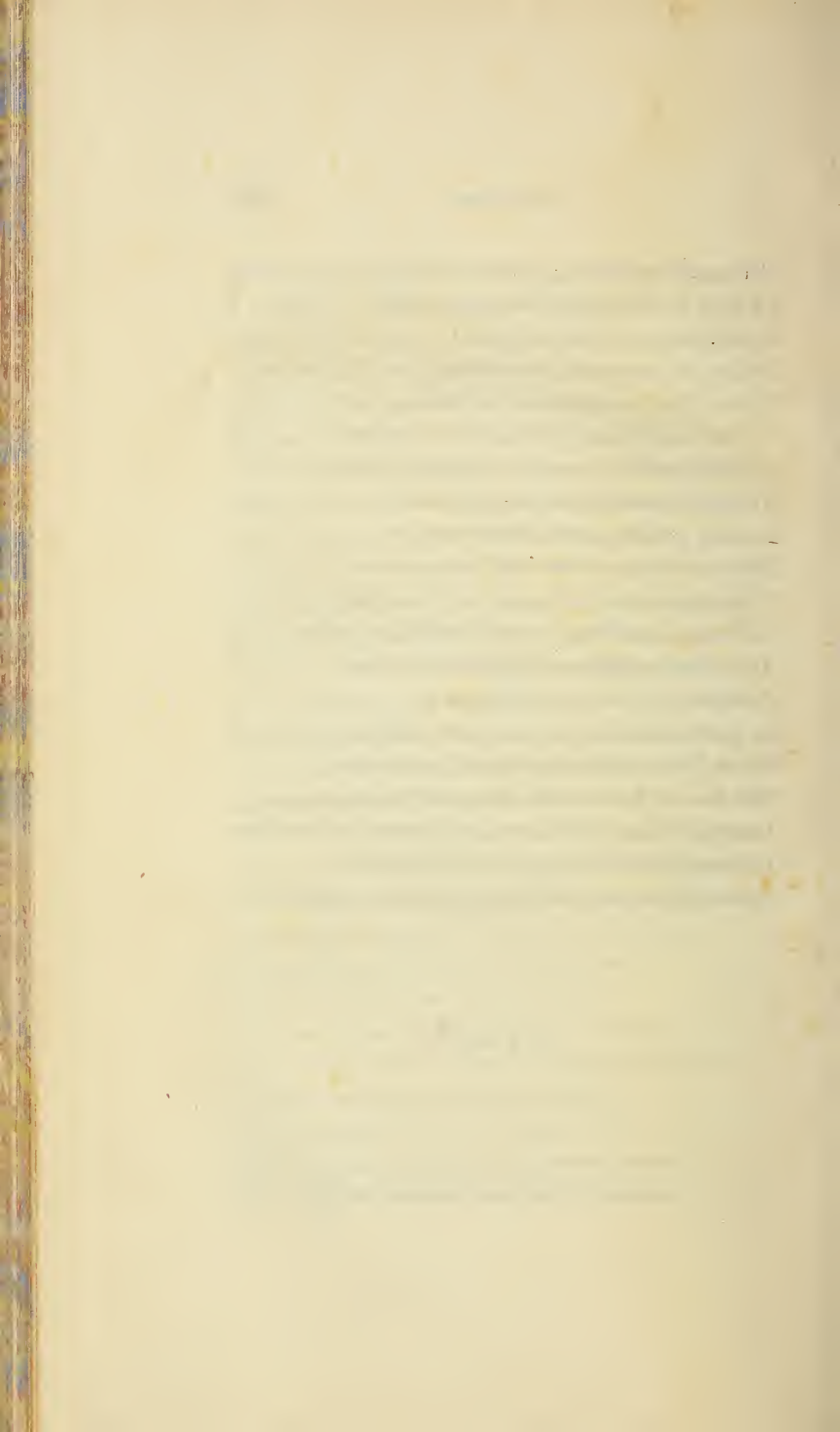
Thou art but weakly yet and poor of speech ;  
In this thy tabernacle all unfit.  
For that blest time, when, weariness unknown,  
Tears, present sorrow, present cares unknown,  
Thou shalt thy God without distraction praise,  
With lips of purity, and voice that death  
Can never silence more : yet, gentle one,  
Ere thou dost put thy tuneful lyre aside,  
Unstring its wires, and bid its chords be mute,  
Sweep once again the strings thou lov'st to strike,  
And call on all to worship and adore  
The God of grace omniscient, Saviour-God,  
Almighty Father, everlasting King ;—  
Tell of his might and majesty, and bid  
The heav'ns and earth and all created things  
To laud and magnify his glorious name ;—  
Tell of his wisdom, of his mind divine,  
Of that supreme intelligence, which call'd  
Into existence countless orbs of light,  
Affix'd their bounds, and bade them move and shine,  
Tokens sublime to glorify his name ;—  
Tell of his goodness, of his mercy tell,  
His deep unfathomable love declare ;  
Declare the faithfulness, the righteous truth  
Of God, the one unchangeable, the Lord  
Holy, and Just, and True, o'er all supreme,  
That was, and is, and will for ever be.

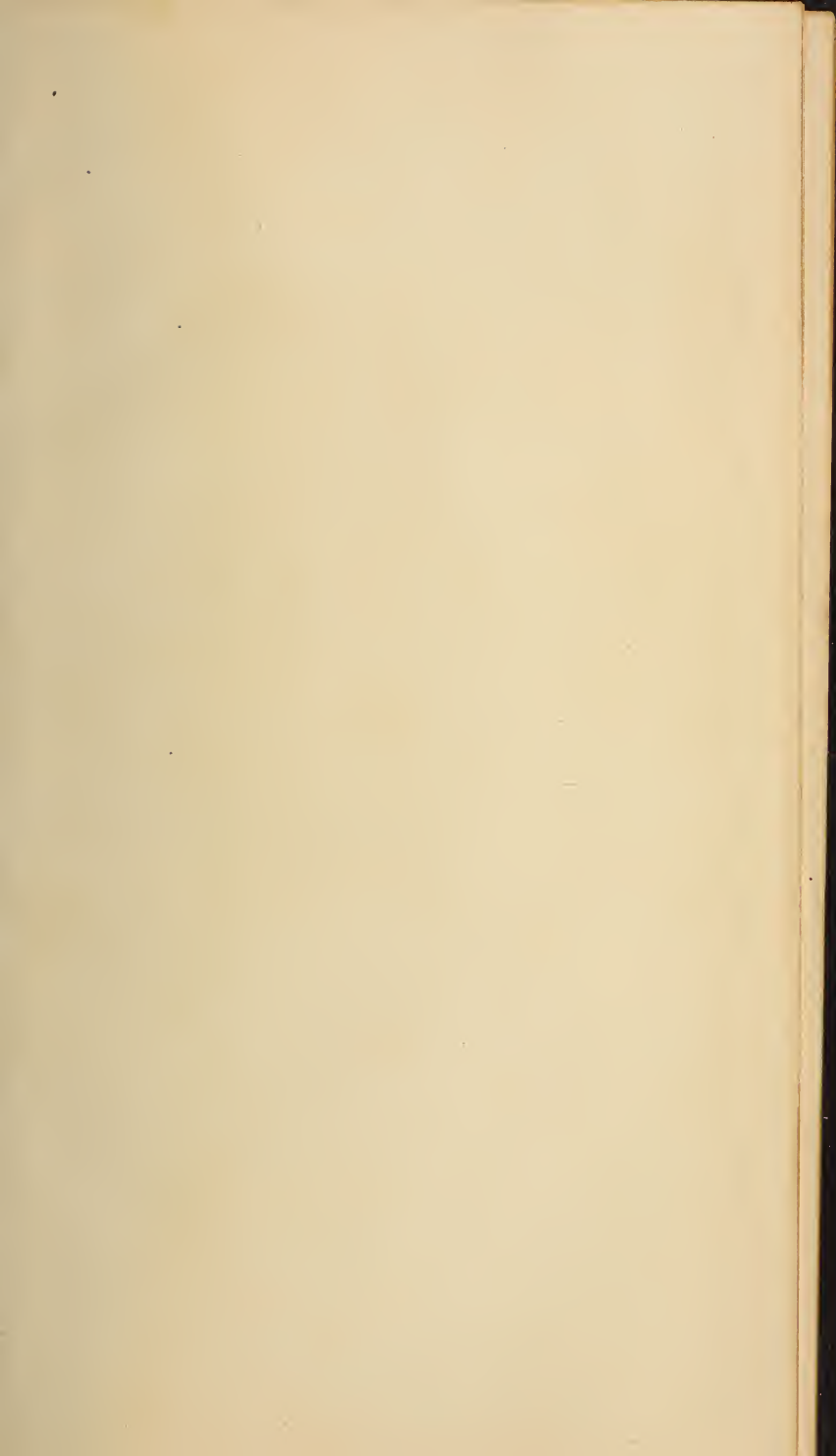
Strong is thy arm, O God—thy right hand strong ;  
How excellent in greatness and in strength,

There is none else in heaven and earth but Thee,  
To whom pertaineth glory.—Thou alone,  
Dwelling in brightness unapproachable  
'Fore thy pavilion, from the which streams out  
Insufferable light, didst far out-stretch  
The azure firmament, as curtain gemm'd,  
To hide what none might look upon and live.  
Holy art Thou, great God, in all thy ways,  
Holy in all thy works—faithful thy word,  
Unchang'd thy promises and truth remain.—  
Men may not trust Thee—may, with voice profane,  
Question thy greatness, and thy goodness doubt,  
But Thou continuest holy still, my God,  
In very sanctuary of holiness.  
None that confide in Thee shall be asham'd ;  
No child repentant from thy door be turn'd.—  
Who ever trusted Thee and was deceiv'd ?  
Thou cov'nant-keeping and most righteous Judge,  
'Fore whom all hearts are open'd, and to whom  
All thoughts most secret, all intents are known.  
O praise the Lord ! My soul be lifted up ;  
Let all within me bless his sacred name ;  
His benefits forget not, who thy days  
With tender mercy, loving-kindness crowns.  
Come all who love the Lord, with hearts attun'd  
To high and solemn adoration, come,  
Let us together with resounding praise  
Enter his gates and his glad courts approach  
With songs of thankfulness, for he is good,

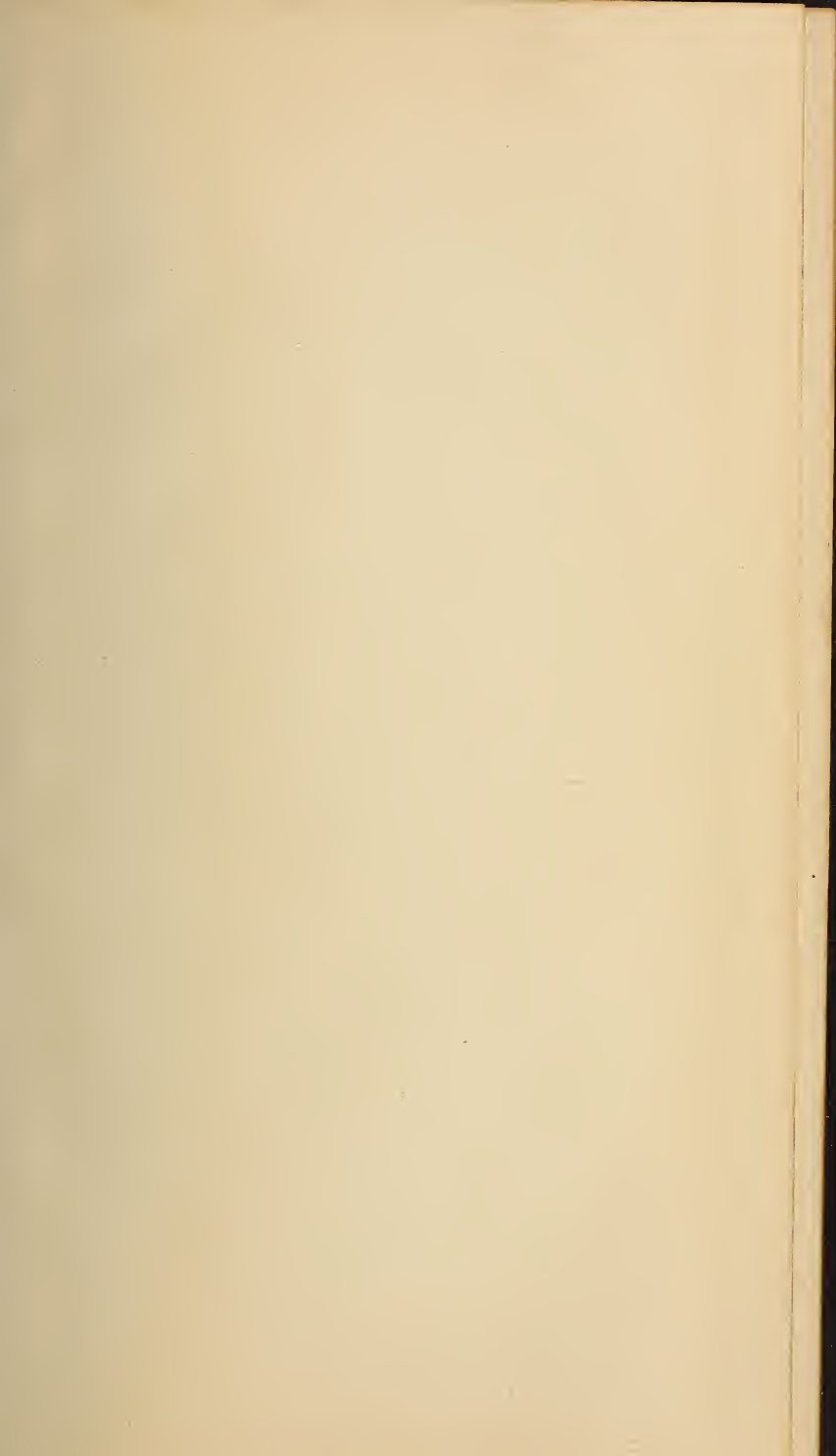
His mercy everlasting, and his truth  
On rock of faithfulness from ages past  
To endless ages is securely built.  
To heav'nly measures praise Him, heav'nly choirs ;  
Praise Him ye angels who his bidding do ;  
Ye veil'd archangels praise Him, as ye wait  
In courts celestial ;—praise Him all ye hosts,  
Ye bright intelligences, rang'd around  
In order perfect, and in beauty rang'd,  
Like multitudinous and clust'ring stars ;—  
Praise Him all ye his works, in silence praise ;  
Ye have no need, ye suns and worlds, of voice,  
Your orbs magnificent and beauteous, loud  
Proclaim your origin, as on ye sail,  
In glory cloth'd, upon your paths of light ;—  
Praise Him all things inanimate, which deck  
The face of nature with such countless charms ;—  
Let every thing which lives, and moves, and breathes,  
In sweet accord their grateful homage pay,  
And with one voice their great Creator praise !

THE END.

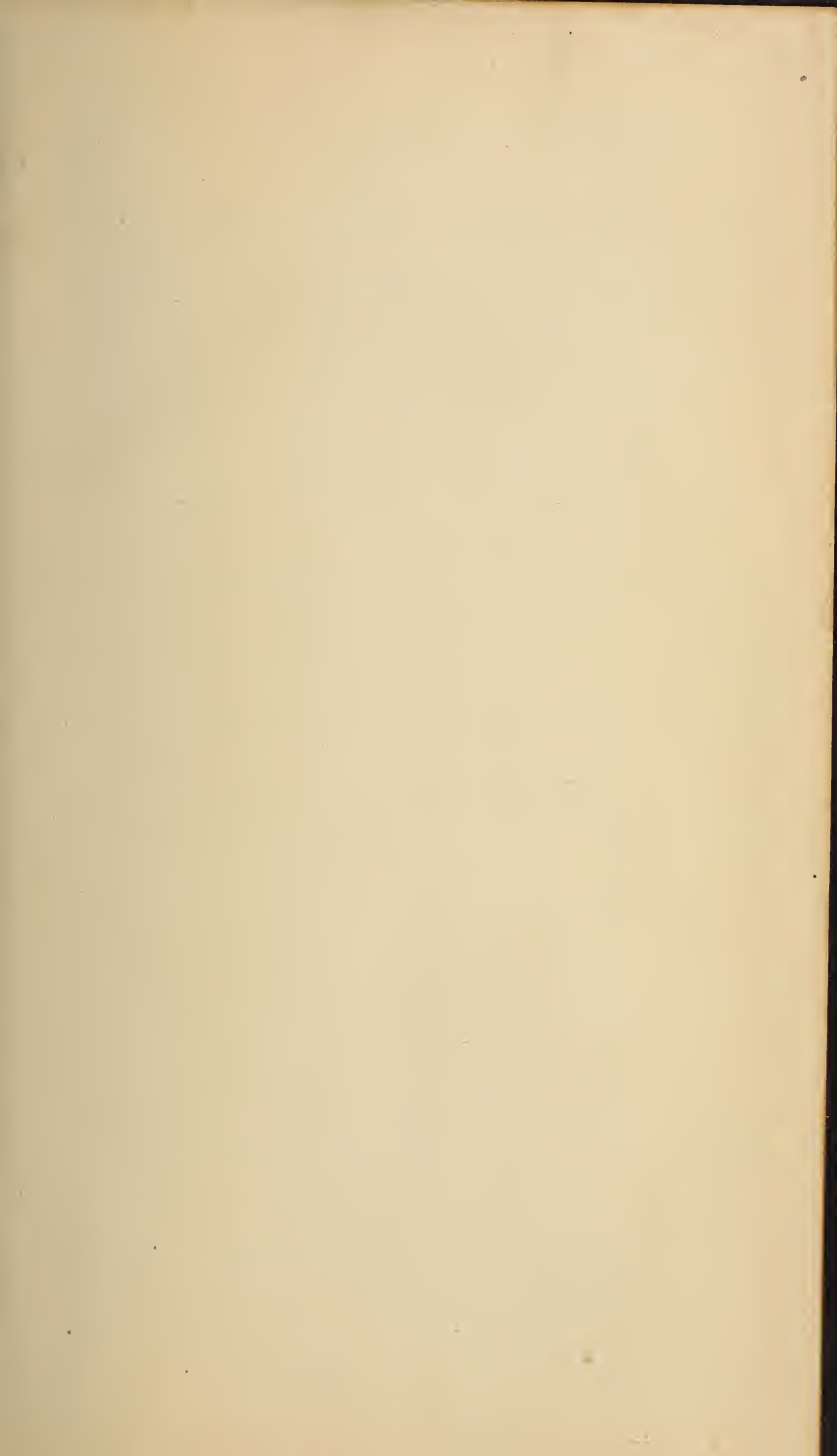















Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: March 2009

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